

# COLLIER'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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## THE NEW YORK RAPID TRANSIT TUNNEL DISASTER

"THE TUNNEL WHERE THE EXPLOSION OCCURRED (AT THE MURRAY HILL HOTEL) HAD BEEN EXCAVATED FOR A DISTANCE OF THREE HUNDRED AND FIFTY FEET SOUTH AND FORTY FEET TO THE NORTH. WORKINGMEN WERE BELOW, AND WERE BEING RAPIDLY ASSISTED TO THE SURFACE. AN EMERGENCY HOSPITAL WAS ESTABLISHED AT THE CORNER OF FORTY-SECOND STREET AND MADISON AVENUE. FIFTY OF THE INJURED WERE CARED FOR THERE DURING THE FIRST HALF-HOUR AFTER THE DISASTER. . . . THERE WAS A WILD SCENE OF PANIC IN THE GRAND CENTRAL STATION WHEN THE EXPLOSION OCCURRED. THE GREAT WAIT-

ING ROOM ON THE GROUND FLOOR WAS CROWDED WITH TRAVELLERS WAITING FOR THEIR TRAINS. THE CONCUSSION SMASHED EVERY WINDOW ON THE FORTY-SECOND STREET SIDE, AND SHOCKED THE HEAVY WALLS AND FLOORS LIKE AN EARTHQUAKE. THE CLOCKS IN THE TOWERS HAD THEIR GROUND-GLASS FACES, TEN FEET IN DIAMETER, COMPLETELY BLOWN OUT. OUR FRONT PAGE PHOTOGRAPH IS TAKEN LOOKING NORTH ON PARK AVENUE, AND SHOWS THE SCENE OF THE EXPLOSION WHILE RESCUE WORK WAS GOING ON, THE INDESCRIBABLE DEBRIS AND THE PRESENT CONDITION OF THE GRAND CENTRAL STATION" — (See pages 9 and 10)

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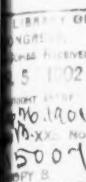
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# COLLIER'S WEEKLY

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**M**MR. SCHWAB'S LIVELY "AUTOMOBILE JOURNEY" in the neighborhood of Monte Carlo has been made the occasion of an interesting utterance on the morals of gambling by the Pittsburg "Catholic Observer." It says: "When there is no cheating at a game of chance, when the players can afford to risk the stakes, when they do not lose their tempers and grow angry, when they do not waste time that belongs to some duty, and when in no other way do they offend against justice or charity, under what commandment do they commit a moral wrong?" This is by no means a new view of the subject, and it is logically sound. But practical moralists have hesitated about publishing it because the distinction it creates is a little too fine for the average mind. It is good logic but risky ethics. No one complains very bitterly about Mr. Schwab's gambling because of the harm it does Mr. Schwab. He is rich enough to afford it and cool enough to keep his temper. But he has been very justly criticised for public gambling because of the example his position gives to men who are not rich and level-headed.

**T**HE COLOMBIAN REVOLUTION CONTINUES WITH rather more than the customary amount of bloodshed in these difficulties. General Alba, the noted leader, was killed late in January. Later in the month, in a battle at a point twenty miles from Bogota, the insurgents were defeated and retired leaving three hundred and sixty dead on the field. The acting President of Colombia has issued an address in which he says: "Enemies of the government are waging this revolution as a means of making money. Peace would terminate their source of income. May the tears and blood that continue to be shed fall on the heads of those who are not fighting for political causes."

**M**MR. CLEVELAND, WHO INVARIABLY SPEAKS sanely on public questions and is always heard with interest, has come out in a ringing letter for the generous treatment of Cuba. He says the sources of the opposition to tariff concessions are "recognized by every honest, patriotic citizen with shame and humiliation." The subject "involves considerations of morality and conscience higher than all others." He adds: "I do not believe that nations, any more than individuals, can safely violate the rules of honesty and fair dealing. Until there is no escape, therefore, I will not believe, with all our fine words and lofty professions, our embrace of Cuba means the contagion of deadly disease." It is not an overstatement to say that ninety per cent of the people of the country believe with the ex-President in this matter. Hardly a dissenting voice has been heard. It is gratifying to be able to announce that the weight of this wholesome public opinion is beginning to tell in Washington, even against the powerful private influences at work in Congress, and that the outlook for relief for Cuba is really hopeful.

**A**UBREY DE VERE, THE POET, DIED IN LONDON ON January 21. He was one of the last connecting links of the dull present with the glorious literary past of England. Nearly all the great writers of the Victorian era were his friends. Born in 1814, he was on terms of intimacy with Leigh Hunt, Wordsworth, Tennyson, Browning, Matthew Arnold, Cardinal Newman, and a host of illustrious literary men.

**I**N THE INVESTIGATION OF THE RECENT CONSOLIDATION of railways in the West, the Interstate Commerce Commission ran across a remarkable unanimity of belief among prominent railway men as to the beneficent effect of these combinations. Mr. Hill and Mr. Harriman, who do not often agree about anything, united in saying that rates would average higher when there was competition, because the competing companies must eventually be driven to make an agreement, and when they did they would charge the public all and more than they had lost during the period of rate-cutting. It can hardly be said that the explanation sounds very logical. It amounts to no more than saying that if railway companies do not unite formally, they will make informal agreements, but where there is competition of a sort the public at least has the benefit of occasional rate wars. Practical experience—for example, the experience of the people of California with the Southern Pacific Company—does not verify the theory that the public can with safety be left to the mercy and justice of a single transportation company. Perhaps the case may be different when the company is controlled by such men as Mr. Hill and Mr. Harriman, but it

must be remembered that altruists of this benevolent disposition are not often found at the head of corporations.

**T**HE CITY OF NEW YORK IS HAVING RATHER MORE than its share of disasters this winter. On January 27 a lot of dynamite, intended for use in the rapid transit subway, exploded accidentally in the crowded part of the city near the Grand Central Station. Six persons were killed and one hundred and thirty more or less injured. Nearly a million dollars' worth of property was destroyed and the whole neighborhood was thrown into a panic.

**A**DMIRAL SCHLEY'S JOURNEY THROUGH THE South and West has been the means of showing the feeling of the people of the country toward this officer. Everywhere he was greeted by enthusiastic crowds, and in Chicago he received honors which are exceptional even in that extremely hearty community. Regardless of the merits of the controversy over the battle of Santiago, it is quite apparent that the people are "with Schley," and that they refuse all technical evidence against his right to the glory of the great victory in the face of the fact that he was the ranking officer present when the engagement took place. They may be wrong, but, right or wrong, they are quite convinced in their position, and nothing that has happened recently has shaken their belief.

**J**OHN F. DRYDEN OF NEWARK HAS BEEN ELECTED United States Senator from New Jersey to succeed the late William J. Sewell. Mr. Dryden is a new figure in politics, but he possesses what used to be considered the supreme qualification for the office to which he has been chosen. He is a millionaire. In this respect he will have congenial company in the Senate, but not as much company as he would have had a few years ago. The pursuit of Senatorships seems to have lost its attractions for the plutocrats, and there is a respectable number of poor men in the Senate to-day.

**T**HE PRESIDENT, AFTER ALL IS SAID, HAS AT least substantially rewarded Captain Clark of the *Oregon* for his services during the war with Spain. The captain seems to have got less of the substantial returns of valor and ability than any of his associates, although hisfeat in racing his ship around the Horn was one that appealed most strongly to the popular imagination. But this is only one of the many things about the control of the navy that common people do not understand. Our navy men probably would consider it impertinent to ask the reason. Let us hope in the Court of King Edward the gallant captain will forget our apparent forgetfulness.

**I**T IS ANNOUNCED THAT THE TERM OF MISS Stone's captivity among the Bulgarian brigands has been ended by the payment of the ransom demanded by her captors. So far as one can learn, she has suffered considerable hardship but no great indignity during her detention among these ruffians. Everybody is glad she has escaped, but nearly everybody is equally sorry that she placed herself in a position where her capture was possible. Perhaps, now, she will return to this country, where energetic missionary work is needed and where it is not so perilous as it seems to be among more primitive Christians.

**M**RS. STEPHEN BONSAI, A WELL KNOWN WAR CORRESPONDENT who has been travelling in the Philippines, presents a most unattractive picture of conditions in those costly "Jewels of the Pacific." He thinks little progress has been made toward permanent peace, that the natives will never be really subdued, that the life is injuring the army, and that there is a good deal of discord between the civil and the military authorities. Mr. Taft, the civil governor, holds more cheerful opinions. He expects the trouble will soon be over. "The natives," he says, "are rapidly developing an affection for our institutions and a large number of former insurgents have become valuable members of the community." Mr. Bonsai, on the other hand, insists that every native is a rebel and that none are more rebellious than the Filipinos who enter the service of the government. He produces letters to prove that the rebels in the field regard the native constabulary and the native civil officers as their allies and that Uncle Sam is really paying salaries

to spies in his own camp. The two views are given for what they are worth. We suppose it is hopeless to look for the unassassable truth about conditions in the islands. No two opinions quite agree. This country is "going it blind," and the operation is not one to move confidence.

**O**NE OF THE ENTERTAINMENTS TO BE PROVIDED for Prince Henry is a luncheon in New York to which one hundred "merchant princes" or "captains of industry" will be invited. The meeting of the purple and the green ought to be interesting. After all, if Germany has anything to fear from this country it is less through our determination to exercise political control in foreign lands than our desire to sell the things we make and grow over here. Germany is at once a keen rival and a large customer. At the luncheon the Prince will see the forces that, after a wonderful soil, a stirring climate, a good political system and an alert population of wage-workers, have forced his brother's subjects to prodigies of commercial valor. The Prince has announced his purpose of visiting Chicago, St. Louis and perhaps Cincinnati during his stay in this country. He will not lack the encouragement of friendly German faces in any of these communities.

**L**ADY STANLEY, WIFE OF THE AFRICAN EXPLORER, has started the story that negotiations are under way for the transfer of the entire Borghese gallery to this country. The report is denied, but it may be true. Last year Prince Borghese, who was in financial difficulties, asked for permission to sell Titian's "Sacred and Profane Love," for which he had been offered nearly \$1,000,000. The Chamber of Deputies refused to grant the permission, but there was some question as to whether his collection was not exempt from the act which forbids the removal of paintings that have been publicly exhibited, and it was decided to give the Prince \$675,000 for the Villa Borghese and its contents. But it is always a great wonder that the Italian Government, which is distressed by lack of money, should not succumb to the temptation to dispose of the wonderful collections under its control, and perhaps the pressure has been too great in the case of the Borghese Gallery. What sum would be excessive to ask for the treasures of the "Tribuna" in Florence?

**T**HE CAREFULLY TIMED REVELATIONS OF THE ATTEMPT to coerce this country during the Spanish war, and of Great Britain's opposition to the proposal, has painfully affected the European chancelleries. The Russian Government denies that it had any part in the movement; the German Government does likewise; the French Government semi-officially contradicts the statement that it was behind the Austrian Government in this curiously feeble proceeding. If we were to accept these eager disclaimers, we might well believe that the powers stood ready to lend a hand in the beating of Spain if we found the task too heavy for our strength. But we know the value of these protestations of friendship. They can be traced to the day and hour when Cervera's fleet was destroyed. On the whole, without boasting, we can say that it was a good thing for the world, and especially for Europe, that the incoherent jealousy of the powers toward this country was not crystallized into action. Fortunately they have learned their lesson without great cost to themselves. The word coercion has passed out of the diplomatic language that Europe finds convenient to apply to this country.

**D**R. SCHURMAN HAS MADE A SPEECH ON THE Philippines and General Lloyd Wheaton has said things about Dr. Schurman. These two otherwise unimportant facts brought about a spirited debate in the Senate the other day. Much impolite language was used, and the Senator from Idaho, one Dubois, took occasion to say: "I don't know who General Wheaton is, but he probably is some charity boy appointed to West Point by a Senator or Representative and since supported by the government." Fortunately the people know more about General Wheaton than Senator Dubois knows, and more than they know or want to know about Senator Dubois. We sometimes wonder what Congressmen expect to accomplish by these strange assaults on the Military Academy. It is about as reasonable to call the government training of officers charity as it would be to call public school education charity, and if an officer of the army doesn't earn his wages, the average Senator ought to turn in three or four thousand dollars a year to the conscience fund in the United States Treasury.

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**THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF MISS ALICE ROOSEVELT**

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THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY AND HIS FOUR SONS with their regiment at a military inspection in Potsdam—showing also the famous “giant guardsman” of the Princes’ regiment. Photographed especially for Collier’s Weekly by our special correspondent, V. Gribayedoff

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# WHY THE PANAMA CANAL

# SHOULD BE SELECTED

By General Henry L. Abbott

Member of the International Technical Commission, and Engineer in Charge

**I**T WOULD BE PREMATURE, pending the publication of the appendices and maps of the final report of the Isthmian Canal Commission, to attempt to study in detail the two projects submitted; because this report, for reasons of brevity, only treats the engineering problems of construction in general manner.

The Commission was called upon to consider two quite different subjects—first, the natural merits of the two routes, and second, the financial and diplomatic difficulties in the way of securing the desired control and ownership by the United States; and as it considered that "the price fixed by the Panama Canal Company for a sale of its property and franchises is so unreasonable that its acceptance cannot be recommended by this Commission," it is clear that its verdict in favor of Nicaragua is no longer final, now that the company has offered to accept the valuation fixed by the Commission itself. We may, however, adopt the two engineering projects formulated by the Commission as a basis for comparison, from them an idea of the commercial merits of the two routes, and thus reach a conclusion as to which ought to be secured by the United States. The following table contains some of the more important elements to be considered in such a study.

	No. locks	Length in miles in				Total	Curvature	
		Harbors	Canal	River	Lake		Degrees	Miles with radius less than 5,905 feet
Panama	5	6.79	28.69	2.61	11.00	49.09	772	0.82
Nicaragua	8	3.07	60.44	49.64	70.51	188.66	2340	24.55

Each item in this table has its significance, and is worthy of careful consideration in turn.

It is universally admitted that a sea-level canal is superior to one with locks, and the nearer this standard can be approached the better is the canal. Although modern locks are much less objectionable than those of the ancient pattern, they are still likely to cause delays when the traffic is large, and Panama here has clearly an important merit as compared with its rival.

#### ADVANTAGES OF THE PANAMA ROUTE

As it is fair to assume that navigation in the harbors at the entrances will be subjected to no inconvenience, and as the total length of the canals is estimated from the distance between the 35 foot contours in the two oceans, Panama has here an advantage of about four miles, which represents a relative gain of about nine per cent of its estimated length.

The length of transit in the canal proper, shown in the fourth column of the table, indicates a decided merit for Panama, as the distance is less than half that of its rival.

It is, however, in the river section that the popular estimate is most at fault. Those who have never seen the San Juan River probably imagine it to be, like the Mississippi, an inland sea easy of navigation. The Commission paints it in very different colors. The report states: "It is very crooked, the curves being so sharp in places that the natural channel, even if deep enough, would be difficult for large ships to navigate. Cut-offs have been located in such places, improving the course of the channel and reducing the sailing distance. These improvements leave fifty-four per cent of the total distance from the dam to the lake in curvature. Except in a few cases the radius exceeds 5,000 feet, but in the section between the Machuca and Castillo Rapids the limit was reduced to 4,045 feet." The significance of these curvatures, which are less than those imposed by actual experience at the Suez Canal, will be considered further on. It is also to be remembered that these 49.64 miles (more than the whole length between oceans at Panama) must carry the entire outflow from the lake, augmented from the river Sabalos and other smaller tributaries by an inflow estimated by the Commission to attain at times, under the influence of heavy rainfalls, possibly a volume of 50,000 cubic feet per second.

The wasteways projected near the dam at Conchuda are designed to carry 100,000 cubic feet per second. Ships will therefore be liable to encounter varying currents, not perhaps of serious import in a straight channel but dangerous in rounding so sharp curves. To add to the difficulty, the gorge traversed by the river is often swept by strong trade-winds, which blow in nearly every month of the year, and fogs are said to be by no means rare. Manifestly this long river section, which has no counterpart at Panama, will count largely in fixing the insurance rates for passing the canal.

#### WATER LEVEL THE GREATEST PROBLEM

We come now to the consideration of the lake section, and the regulation of its level, about which there is much misapprehension except among professional engineers. The Commission devotes more than thirteen pages to the discussion, and is careful to explain that the lack of precise records gives more or less uncertainty to its conclusions.

The problem is too complex to be considered here except very briefly. The outlet is necessarily 52.9 miles from the lake, and a navigable depth of 33 feet must always be preserved throughout this distance, a condition which fixes the minimum lake level at 104 feet above tide. The desired maxi-

mum is 110 feet, but exceptionally it may attain 112 feet. The computations to effect this regulation are, in the words of the Commission, "based essentially on the assumption that the rainfall on the entire lake basin is in direct proportion to that at Grenada, while in fact the average rainfall over the whole basin should be used. There are not sufficient data of observation to establish such a relation, and the assumption is provisional only. It leads to the best method of procedure available, but the conclusions reached may obviously need modification in either direction as the rainfall record and observations of the lake elevations are extended."

The extreme natural fluctuation of the lake is "not definitely known," but is taken at about 13 feet, giving elevations above tide ranging from 97 feet to 110 feet. If the regulated lake should fall below a level of 104 feet navigation would be interrupted, and if it should rise above 110 feet valuable property on the west shore would be flooded and damages would naturally be demanded. "The experience and judgment of the operator are essential elements in the effective regulation of this lake." No such difficulties are presented at Panama, where "the regulation is automatic." But this uncertainty is not the only difficulty presented by Lake Nicaragua. Nature has not only imposed a definite summit level

upon the engineer, thus depriving him of the precious privilege of selecting the one best suited to the canal, but has left this level subject to a never-ending conflict between three natural agencies—

rainfall, evaporation, and outflow. The first two are liable to variation with the passage of years, and may ultimately bring about a change in this fundamental datum of the canal. Indeed, Professor Heilprin believes that a study of the earlier surveys indicates a progressive lowering of the lake level, which, if it rested on precise observations, would condemn the route definitely. Moreover, sudden changes are not impossible. The lake lies in a district specially subject to volcanic action. Geologists agree that formerly it formed an arm of the Pacific, and that its separation and present elevation of about 100 feet resulted from an ancient convulsion.

#### VOLCANOES TROUBLE NICARAGUA

As recently as January 1880, Lake Ilopango, only about 200 miles distant, was lowered more than 40 feet by an eruption in its midst. Lake Nicaragua has one active volcano on an island close to the proposed track for shipping, and there are three others nearby; and such an occurrence would effectively destroy any possible canal even if completed. At Panama there are no volcanoes within about 200 miles, and have been none since the Miocene epoch, and the danger of earthquakes there is claimed by competent geologists to be much less than in Nicaragua. This relative exemption is not only indicated by geological facts and early historical records, but is confirmed by observations of earth tremors recently taken with delicate seismographs.

Such observations were begun in January, 1901, at San Jose de Costa Rica, not far from Greytown, and in ten months forty-three tremors were noted, of which eight were sensible shocks. During the past eighteen months similar observations have been in progress at Panama, and the instruments, two in number, have recorded only five, of which only one was strong enough to be perceived by the inhabitants. Evidently the terrain traversed by the projected route in Nicaragua is less stable than that at Panama, and it would seem wise to take advantage of the fact in selecting the route for purchase.

But difficulty of regulation is only one of the evils of having a vast inland sea for the summit level of the canal. Strong winds often sweep its surface, causing considerable waves at the two interior ports and thus adding to the delays of navigation. Moreover, these waves bring mud to the Fort San Carlos shore, which causes shallow water there, extending far out into the lake.

In the seventy miles credited to lake navigation in the above table the Commission reports that only about 42 miles lie below the grade of the canal bottom, adding: "The remainder, 28.73 miles, will require excavation. . . . The bottom from Fort San Carlos to deep water in the lake consists of soft mud 6 to 17 feet deep, underlaid by hard clay and sand. The mud is so soft in places that it is difficult to determine its surface. The steamboat navigating the lake pushes its way through several feet of it when the lake is low. This material will take a flat slope, and after a channel is excavated through it there will be some expense for maintenance." Thus only about 42 of the 70 miles of the lake section are suited to the much vaunted ocean speed of transits.

#### CURVATURE ANOTHER GREAT DIFFICULTY

It remains to consider the curvature shown in the above table. This element is a matter of the first importance, both as to speed and as to safety in transit. Experience on the Suez Canal has compelled a costly increase from a minimum radius of 700 metres (2,303 feet) to 1,800 metres (5,905 feet)

since it was opened to navigation. It will be noted that the Nicaragua project includes 24.55 miles, or over twenty-two per cent of the total canal-river distance, handicapped with more abrupt curvature than experience has shown to be necessary for easy transit. The Panama project shows less than a mile below the standard, and this lies at the Colon entrance, where the width ranges from 500 to 800 feet. Its superiority in this respect is too important to require comment. The great surface exposed to the action of the wind by a modern ocean steamer renders steering difficult and hazardous when it blows from the side or astern. The Manchester Ship Canal contains some objectionable curves, and no large ship passes through it without having two tugs, one ahead and the other astern, to aid in steering, although the ship moves wholly by its own power.

There are other matters proper for consideration, as affecting the completed canal, when comparing the physical features of the two routes. Such, for example, is the rainfall which, by obscuring vision, especially in the bad curves, would be likely to delay passage. The Commission states: "Along the Atlantic coast in the vicinity of Greytown and for some distance inland the rainfall is the greatest known on the continent. There is no definite dry season. Rain may be expected almost any day in the year. On the other hand, the entire drainage basin of Lake Nicaragua lies in a region having a well-defined dry season. The annual rainfall near Greytown sometimes amounts to nearly 300 inches; the average is probably 260 to 270 inches. . . . There is a perceptible diminution in the annual rainfall as one proceeds westward to the lake. . . . In the drainage basin of Lake Nicaragua the average annual rainfall is about 65 inches." At Colon, the observations of the Panama Railroad Company, covering nearly half a century, give a well-established average of about 130 inches annually. On the line of the canal in the interior it is about 94 inches and on the Pacific Coast 57 inches.

#### GREYTOWN A POOR PORT OF ENTRY

The objections to Greytown as a permanent port of entry are well known. The Commission states: "A fine harbor once existed at Greytown with about 30 feet of water at the anchorage and in the entrance. . . . A study of the various maps of Greytown from the earliest to the latest reveals, it is believed, the processes by which natural forces acting on the movable sands composing the delta of the San Juan River have formed successively in ages past harbors which were afterward converted into lagoons or lakes. The process seems to be still going on, and Greytown lagoon is the latest development." We have ample experience in the difficulty of improving harbors on our sandy coasts, but at no locality have we ever encountered conditions so unfavorable; and the most careful estimates of cost, both for construction and for maintenance, may well prove to be at fault at such a locality. Why not avoid all uncertainty by selecting Colon, a harbor which has met all the needs of a large commerce for hundreds of years?

It only remains to consider the probable costs of transit, which after all furnish the true standard for gauging the merit of the two routes. The Commission, without explaining in the part of its report already printed how the figures were reached, states: "The estimated annual cost of maintaining and operating the Nicaragua Canal is \$1,300,000 greater than the corresponding charges for the Panama Canal." This sum must be paid by the ships passing the canal, constituting an annual imposition on the commerce of the world, unless we are prepared to liquidate it by an annual taxation of the American people.

The subject has been more elaborately considered in a paper read before the Washington Geographic Society by Mr. A. F. Davis, the hydrographer of the Isthmian Canal Commission, on November 29, 1901. It was printed in the "Evening Post" of New York and in the Boston "Transcript," on the following day, and merits careful consideration. He applied the same standard of estimate to both of the canals, and his conclusions are summed up as follows:

#### RATES AND INSURANCE FAVOR PANAMA

"Sailing vessels to and from the North, or say five per cent of the total traffic, would prefer Nicaragua; steam vessels from Gulf ports to the west coast of North America, or perhaps twenty-five per cent of the total, would prefer Panama, but might use either route with nearly equal advantage; while all the rest, or seventy per cent, would much prefer Panama, and the traffic to and from the west coast of South America in steam vessels, or about thirty per cent, would by way of Panama save an average of nearly 400 miles in distance and 36 cents per ton—always assuming that these are based on expenses."

In other words, every 3,000-ton steamer would have to pay in transit charges alone \$1,080 more for passing a long and hazardous canal in Nicaragua than for a short and easy passage by Panama. But this sum would not cover the entire disadvantage. As has been shown above, much higher insurance rates for passage would rule via Nicaragua than via Panama, and this tax could not be avoided even if the United States should open a free canal at the expense of the nation.

Whatever "sentimental feeling" may exist in favor of the Nicaragua route, it would appear that if those interested in commercial expansion appreciated these facts there would be little doubt which canal would be demanded.

## INAUGURATING THE GOVERNOR OF NEW JERSEY



GOVERNOR-ELECT FRANKLIN MURPHY, EX-GOVERNOR VOORHEES, ADJUTANT-GENERAL OLIPHANT AND INAUGURAL PARTY

EX ATTORNEY GENERAL GRIGGS, EX GOVERNOR FOSTER M. VOORHEES AND GOVERNOR-ELECT FRANKLIN MURPHY EN ROUTE TO INAUGURAL CEREMONY AT TRENTON, JAN. 21. THE EX-GOVERNOR AND GOVERNOR-ELECT ARE SIDE BY SIDE ON REAR SEAT AND ARE ON THEIR WAY TO TAYLOR'S OPERA HOUSE, WHERE THE CEREMONY TOOK PLACE

## BUSINESS CHANCES ALONG THE PANAMA CANAL

By JOHN R. SPEARS, who writes from the most recent personal observation

**A**MOST IMPORTANT FEATURE of an interoceanic canal at Panama, but one to which no attention has been given during the course of the discussions about routes, is the development of private enterprises dependent directly or indirectly on the business of the canal and the sound business methods which American control will infuse into the immediate neighborhood of the route. It is a fact that high as were the hopes of profit that the various interoceanic companies have entertained in connection with the main enterprise of a canal, the officials of each of these companies have had always in mind the project of embarking in side ventures that would produce "wealth beyond the dreams of avarice."

### SELLING COAL

The most important private enterprise then in contemplation, and the most important now in view, was and is the sale of coal to the steamers. There is no coal nearer the Panama route than the mines of the United States. Lignite, that would burn well if soaked in Texas oil, has been found on an island off the westerly end of the isthmus (not far from David), but it will not be used. De Lesseps estimated, in the days of the old Panama Company, that 6,000,000 tons of shipping would pass through his ditch during the first year after it should be opened. Many good authorities laughed at the estimate, but now, I fancy, no one will laugh at an estimate of say 10,000,000 in a year after an American canal is opened. That would mean seven ships, of an average size of 4,000 tons each, passing every day through the canal. Admiral Walker's Isthman Canal Commission estimated that the "tonnage of available canal traffic" in 1899 was 6,792,541 tons. It is fair to say in general terms that several steamers will pass through every day in the year, and that every one of them will be obliged to buy coal at the Colon end of the route.

No one can foresee what improvements will be made in the propelling of ships during the next ten years, but we may suppose that they will still be using coal, and plenty of it. Ships in the transatlantic trade now burn from 100 to 400 tons of coal a day, if they make any speed. It is therefore fair to suppose that the average purchase of a steamer passing through the canal will be somewhere between 500 and 1,000 tons. It does not seem extravagant to suppose therefore that

an average day's sale of coal at the Colon pockets will run up to perhaps 3,000 tons.

Another plant absolutely necessary at the Colon end of the canal is one for docking and repairing ships of all kinds. This is not to say that the canal will be a dangerous route. Ships are damaged between Liverpool and New York, and repairing facilities are necessary at both ports. One well-managed company will be able to handle all the business at Colon, and pay such dividends that no report of them will appear in the newspapers unless the stock be well watered.

### TUGBOATS AND MINING

The next company contemplated by the De Lesseps people was one owning a fleet of tugs. The harbor of Colon, though more capacious than any that might be dredged on the rival route, is yet a narrow water for the huge ships of modern commerce. And the entrance to the canal is narrower still, while curves must be rounded and locks passed. Sailing ships will be towed all the way, and they will not go out of fashion. A great business will be done by tugs. In New York a very good tug can be had on long contracts for \$50 or \$60 a day, and that is a profitable price for the tug owner. But it is quite likely that the tugs employed to help ships through the canal will receive a hundred dollars each for the job—perhaps more. A superlative fleet of a score, suitable for the purpose, can be built for \$40,000 each—\$800,000. With seven ships per day to handle, very good dividends will be paid on a capital of say \$1,000,000.

A business that will be developed by the canal, though the canal will benefit it but indirectly, is mining. In the course of one journey made to the isthmus I gave this matter considerable attention. That gold veins of low-grade ore abound in the mountains of the isthmus is a matter of common knowledge among people familiar with the region. That these mines have ruined about every company attempting to work them is also a matter of common knowledge. But the gold is there. No capable prospector ever went into the interior of the isthmus without finding abundant colors. It is a well-known but curious fact that after every storm in Panama Bay numbers of men flock to a certain part of the rock left bare, off the city, by the receding tide, and with gourds and native pans wash out the sand found in the depressions in the bot-

tom of the bay, and always secure enough gold to repay the labor. When in Panama on my last visit I saw eleven of these men gathering gold at ebb tide, and they assured me that every one of the eleven washed out at least fifty cents' worth.

### GENERAL BUSINESS IN THE INTERIOR

I made a short overland journey westward as far as David, Near Santiago de Veraguas I fell in with a gentleman connected with a mine then somewhat successfully worked by an English company. He was a man who had been Mayor of Panama and was thoroughly popular with all Anglo-Saxons because he was honest. His stories of mining properties worked and abandoned, "because no white man can be expected to come here and manage a mine honestly," were most interesting and significant.

At La Mesa, a day's journey from Santiago, the alcalde talked with moderation of several mining propositions within a few leagues of the village. All of them had been more or less developed by one company or another. There were dumps and stamp mills to be found at several—if one would clear away the brush and *huasas*. But all had been abandoned. I asked why, and he shrugged his shoulders for an answer. But when pressed further he told the common story of the manager who was dishonest, or indolent, or incapable of handling native laborers.

With a canal owned and managed by the American people the business methods of the interior of the Isthmus of Panama must be improved. Santiago, the capital of a province, is content with a mail brought twice a month when the rains do not interfere. There was, and is, not a bridge between Panama and the Costa Rica line, nor a road fit for a wagon, save for a short stretch here and there. The business of the country is not as well conducted as it was in the seventeenth century, for in the days of the buccaneers business houses in Panama rented for \$1,000 a month. It will take a mighty influence to change the conditions now existing there, but the American canal will exert that influence, and then mines can be worked with as much energy and economy as in the United States. With an American base to work from—and that is what the canal will be—the entire range, from the Costa Rica line to the Atrato River, will be developed.

## THE PRESIDENT-ELECT OF CUBA AND HIS FAMILY



SEÑOR TOMAS ESTRADA PALMA, PRESIDENT-ELECT OF THE CUBAN REPUBLIC, AND FAMILY AT CENTRAL VALLEY, ORANGE COUNTY, NEW YORK, WHERE THE PRESIDENT HAS MADE HIS HOME WHILE IN THE UNITED STATES, WHENCE HE DEPARTS FOR HAVANA, CUBA

## "BON VOYAGE" TO THE BEAUTIFUL "HOHENZOLLERN"



DRAWN BY HENRY REUTERDAHL

THE "HOHENZOLLERN," LEAVING KIEL HARBOR FOR THE UNITED STATES ON THE LONGEST CRUISE EVER UNDERTAKEN BY THE ROYAL YACHT OF THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY, PASSING THROUGH A LINE OF WARSHIPS AND GREETED BY THE LUSTY "HOCH!" OF THE CHEERING CREWS AND, FROM ADMIRAL KOESTER, COMMANDER OF THE BALTIC STATION, THE SIGNAL "BON VOYAGE!"

And speaking of the Atrato reminds me that when John C. Trautwine, the noted engineer of 1854, said, after an extended examination of the Atrato route for a canal: "I conscientiously believe that were it in the United States, the gold that might be collected from the necessary excavations would defray the entire cost of a first-class railroad. This may appear to many to be the language of exaggeration; but I can assure the reader that it conveys my sincere convictions."

### TRADE, SKILLED LABOR AND A YANKEE RAILROAD

Space is available for only the most obvious opportunities to gain wealth. Such fortunes as may be (will be) made in say the ice business, the coffee plantations, of which there are none on the isthmus, the cattle business, the lumber and dye woods can scarcely have mention. But one more prospect must be mentioned. A survey has been made for an international railroad extending from Texas to Panama. The route was found to be feasible. A line now runs to Oaxaca, Mexico, and when the canal is completed it will be extended to Panama. The route is through the richest undeveloped country in the world. The people, as a mass, are in the state of civilization established by the Spaniards three hundred years ago. They do not take kindly to the masterful ways of the Yankee pusher, but in that region lies an opportunity for honest enterprise that cannot be ignored much longer.

The opportunities that will be afforded to laboring men, when the canal is opened, are quite well worth consideration. For it is to be noted first of all that only men of in-

telligence and skill will find opportunities there. The negroes of the West Indies and the barefooted peons of the region will do, as they have hitherto done, the work requiring little skill. I had a long talk with a hostler at Tole. He had charge of the horses of a plantation (a dozen or so), and he received four dollars a month and board, payable in depreciated currency. His lot was not pitiful, for he had food a-plenty, if coarse (chiefly corn-bread, pork and beans), and his clothes satisfied him. It will be a long time before the canal improves the condition of the common laborers, though even their condition will be improved, as that of the Egyptians has been by British domination at Suez.

What has been said so far points to employment of many skilled workmen, such as iron workers, wood workers, engineers, electricians, etc. Miners will be in especial demand eventually. Wood rangers and saw mill men will be called where snowshoes were never seen.

Of course there are mechanics on the isthmus now. They are men accustomed to work for low wages; they will compete with those who may go there in the coming days. I met one of these at Remedios. He had worked in San Francisco, and still carried his union card. He was very sorry he had left that city—as most people are who do so. He said wages were so low on the isthmus that he was quite discouraged. In San Francisco, where bricklayers had a union, he received four dollars a day in gold, but in the isthmus he never received more than one dollar and a half in silver.

"So?" said I. "Then why don't you form a union here?"

"Oh, *por Dios!*" he replied. "How can I when I am the only mason on the isthmus?"

### ONE MAY WORK AS HIS OWN MASTER

But there will be one opening for laboring men far better than that afforded by any employment yet mentioned—the opportunity to become planters. Not a tenth of the rich available land of the isthmus is cultivated, and that already occupied is but scratched over. There is not a plantation of coffee or coco in the isthmus. There was but one of vanilla, and that had 30,000 plants in it. A man with but little capital, if he be industrious, acquire lands there fit for coffee, or a dozen other profitable crops, at an elevation of say 3,000 feet, for no other price (save fees) than the labor of clearing and planting. The common idea of the American who wishes to become a coffee planter is to get a breadth of land that will yield an income of from \$25,000 to \$50,000 a year when the trees come into bearing. This idea usually leads to bankruptcy. But a man who can and will work may take up a claim of five or ten acres and with his own hands make his home and a most comfortable fortune. What has been done so successfully with small plantations in Southern California can be and will be repeated with equal success on the land within reach of the great canal. For uplands are conspicuously healthy, and life there is joy forever. Few educated men would care to go there now and live alone among the uneducated natives, but when the canal is built the American population along the line will serve as a base for the spread of a community of small planters. Let those who would procure the necessities of life at the least expense of the smallest amount of labor in order to have leisure for study and art work go to the isthmian mountains after the Americans dominate the region.

## THE DANISH ISLANDS—OUR LATEST COLONY

By POULTNEY BIGELOW, Author of "Children of the Nations," "White Man's Africa," Etc., Etc.

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I HAD A FEW DAYS to spare in this neighborhood, while waiting for the mail steamer from Brazil to New York—and, better still, I had with me my little cruising canoe *Caribe*—so one fine morning at daylight I slipped her into the water, hoisted both sails and, with my double-bladed paddle dragging far astern, commenced the circumnavigation of St. Thomas.

The chief port of the island is an ideal resort of pirates and smugglers—or it was, at least, in the good old days when civil and religious liberty had to take refuge aboard the ships of godless buccaneers in order to escape the Inquisition and the injustice of so-called mother countries. The harbor of St. Thomas is divided into two by a long island, and the trick of the buccaneers was to lure the pursuing men-of-war up one side of this island, where the water was deep, and then to escape by cutting round and down the other channel, where only a very shallow-draught boat with a very clever pilot could possibly follow. In this wise many legends grew up relating to the mysterious disappearance of piratical craft that entered St. Thomas and then disappeared into the mountains or sunk out of sight to reappear at a later date somewhere else.

### A CRUISE ROUND ST. THOMAS

That cruise around St. Thomas lasted the best part of a week and furnished satisfactory evidence that the shores are beautifully bold and inhospitable. Of population I scarce saw any signs, but everywhere found good camping ground where I could haul my boat out, light my fire and spend a comfortable night.

The little island is but thirteen miles long and about three miles across, yet it is so much of a rock, rising into jagged peaks about fifteen hundred feet high, that it makes upon the tourist the impression of being very much larger. There is practically no intercourse between the different parts of the island owing to the scantiness of population and the precipitous character of the mountains. Under American ownership it should be our duty to build at once a light railway to the highest point of the mountains, by way of a health resort for our white population. Fifteen hundred feet makes an enormous difference in the quality of the air, even within the tropics. Hong Kong would be hardly bearable were it not for the excellent mountain railway which takes the merchants up from the sea level to the mountains every evening and enables them thus to live happily with their families all the year round.

St. Thomas seems to belong to us already—it is only a couple of hours steaming across to Porto Rico; it is an English-speaking island, in spite of its Danish allegiance, and it has a harbor that cannot be surpassed anywhere in the West Indies. Of course, the annexing of St. Thomas means adding about fifteen thousand more negroes to our already redundant black population. Santa Cruz would give us as many more, making a rough total of thirty thousand more blacks. All the whites in the two islands do not probably amount to more than six thousand—among them many Germans, Scotch, and English.

The Germans have always taken considerable sentimental as well as practical interest in St. Thomas owing to the fact that in the days of the Great Elector (1685) an effort was made to colonize this port by Germans from the neighborhood of Berlin. About the same time a corresponding effort was made on the west coast of Africa, but both failed. To-

day I can find no evidence of the German occupation of three centuries ago; the German element that now meets the American is strictly modern and mercantile—the product of the new German Empire—a result of the excellent German steamship service between Central America and Hamburg.

### BEAUTIFUL WOMEN OF THE ANTILLES

All the population of St. Thomas is huddled about the port, and the chief industry would appear to be the coaling of passing steamers. This is done by half-naked black women who stalk up and down the narrow gangplanks bearing on their heads baskets of coal which they toss off by one motion and then pass on proudly for another load. This interminable procession keeps up until the bunkers are full—a procession of black mobile statuary that could but delight the artist who has an eye for the form of a beautiful woman. Nowhere in the world can you see more splendidly proportioned legs, bodies, arms and throats—all palpating with life, moving with the grace that comes of a perfectly balanced physical organization. The line swings along under the stimulus of high wages and a crooning song that recalls the savage songs of Zululand.

When we spring across the forty miles separating St. Thomas from Santa Cruz we come to an island that still shows the kindly paternalism of the Danish administration, but differs from St. Thomas by affording a pleasing picture of colony almost every acre of which is fit for agriculture. Santa Cruz is twenty-three miles long, ten miles more than St. Thomas, and twice as wide (six miles). There is a little port at each end, and a little Royal Danish mail-coach that drives each day from one end of the island to the other. But the driver is a negro who talks only English, and the estates, on the occasion of my visit, appeared to be owned entirely by Anglo-Saxon planters. The Danish flag is seen only on official buildings—notably on the little pink forts where a handful of flaxen-headed Danish warriors spend their homesick hours in hanging wash out to dry and cultivating the garden for vegetables.

### WHY THE NEGROES WANT ANNEXATION

In Santa Cruz I spent several days as the guest of a Scotchman who told me he was perfectly satisfied with the island and its prospects under Danish rule. He had no fault to find with the Danish Government; on the contrary, it was a government that maintained good roads, security for life and property, cared for sanitary improvement, laid very light taxes and provided honest officials. The negroes here, and throughout the West Indies, are in favor of annexation to the United States because they have an exaggerated notion of the social equality enjoyed by their race under the Stars and Stripes. It is now the accepted belief in St. Thomas, as well as in South Carolina, that negroes are welcome at the table of white people in Washington, that the President of the United States would find his social circle incomplete without a complement of negro flavoring. I found in all the islands, British and French no less than Spanish and Danish, that the negroes treated literally the language of our great document which proclaims that all men are born equal.

In the West Indies the same forces draw the negro to the American which in South Africa draw him from the Boer to the Englishman—he is drawn to the people under whom he imagines that he will receive the largest amount of social recognition if not political liberty.

The planting in Santa Cruz has been less and less profitable ever since the abolition of slavery by Denmark in 1848, and the population has diminished rather than increased over the last thirty years. Commercially speaking, it is hard to see why we should want to buy these islands. Even England finds her West Indian possessions a source of expense rather than of profit. Sugar culture gives very scant returns to-day, and the negro has proved a curse to that region rather than a blessing.

Of course there was danger that Denmark might sell the islands to Germany, and then we might expect a test case on the subject of how far the Monroe Doctrine would operate to render such a sale invalid. Santa Cruz was originally bought by Denmark from France for 167,000 Rix dollars, and Denmark might regard it as rather cruel that she should not be allowed to sell out at a profit if she saw fit.

It is no triumph of diplomacy—this securing of more West Indian property to administer. We are taking what is gravitating irresistibly in our direction. It is a property that has been administered at a loss by nations that have several centuries of colonial experience behind them. It will make our school atlases look more attractive to have a larger area under our flag, but let us not imagine for a moment that we are adding to our value as a productive and conquering power by taking of the West Indies any more than is essential for one or two coaling stations. But if we have the matter settled for us, if we can no longer be dissuaded from this bargain, then let us tackle the future difficulties in a business-like manner.

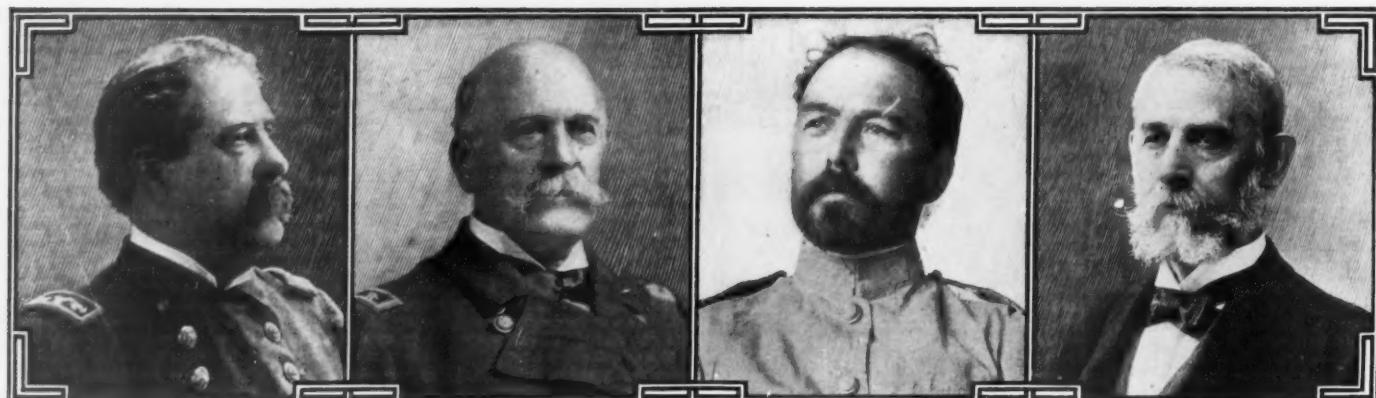
### WHO SHALL RULE

The beginning and end of successful colonial enterprise in the tropics is to understand and control native and alien races. To do this successfully we must pick out men when they are young and enthusiastic and train them for their peculiar sphere of activity.

We must give our colonial official adequate salary, steady promotion according to merit, and, above all, give him the assurance that when in the course of years his health has been impaired by exposure he will be retired on a decent pension. Our official intended for the Philippines should spend a two years' probation learning Chinese and Spanish, and one or more of the native dialects—living the life of the people and fitting himself for the very difficult duties that will confront him.

Our task in the West Indies is simpler, for we can gather an idea of the negro within our own borders. But we should not forget that nearly every West Indian island, including Santa Cruz, has had to suffer from a negro uprising accompanied by considerable massacre and destruction of property. The negroes of the West Indies are not fit for manhood suffrage, nor is it likely that they ever will be. At any rate, for the rest of this century they will require an administration such as reflects to some extent the needs of their race, namely, some form of personal government. They know little of legislation or law or constitution, but they understand allegiance to a chief, obedience to a master, and it is of the utmost importance that the man whom we select to govern them should be one whom they can respect as well as fear—a man who comes to spend his life at the work of administration. This type of man is not reared among professional politicians; he is like a good railroad manager, or that "seldom-heard-of but supreme-power-behind-things," the managing editor of a successful publication—the product of much experience and careful selection.

## FOUR MEN BECOME PROMINENT IN PUBLIC AFFAIRS

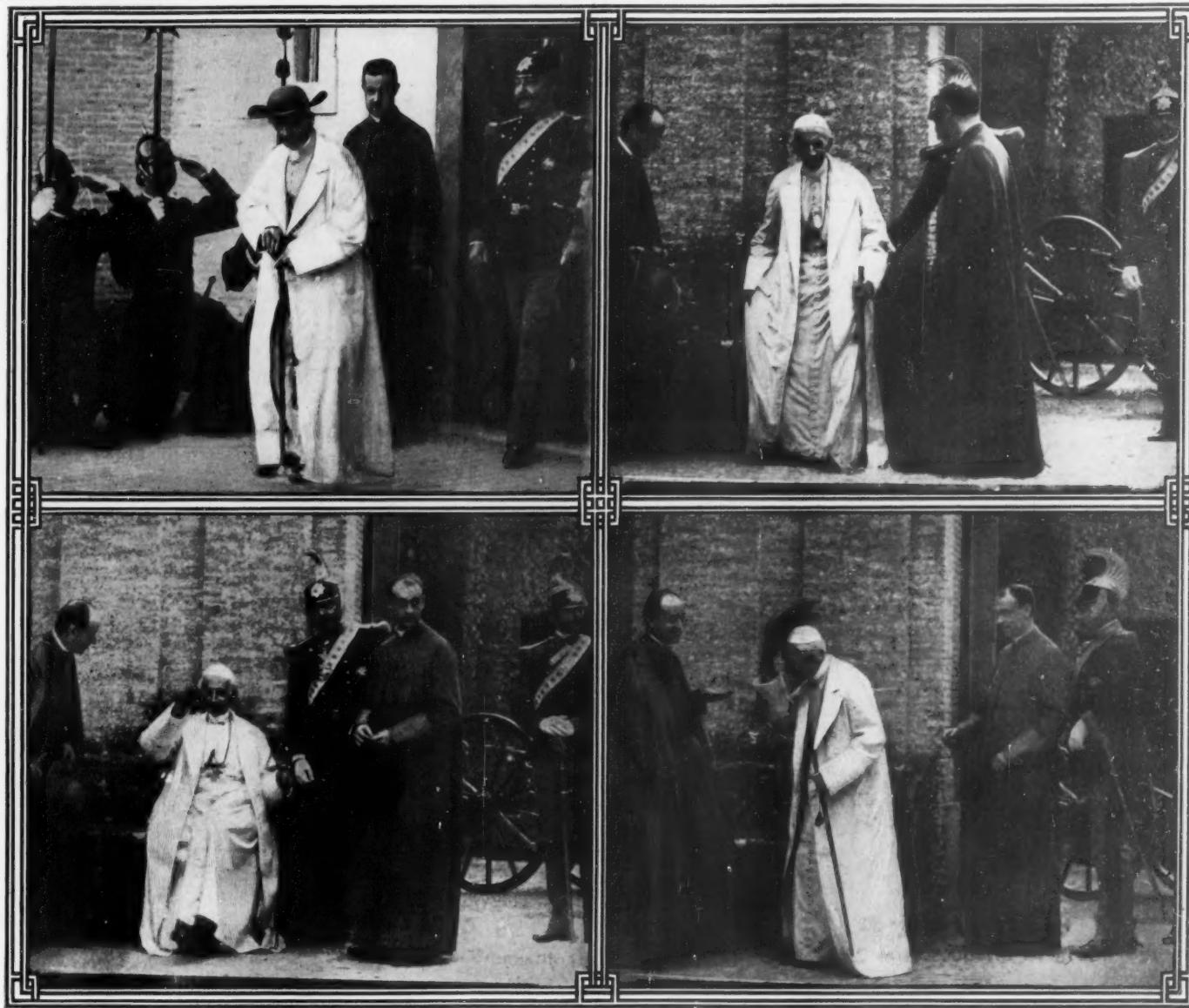


CAPT. CHARLES E. CLARK, U.S.N. GEN. JAMES H. WILSON, U.S.A.  
The two appointees of President Roosevelt to represent the United States at the coronation of King Edward VII., whose selection has caused some comment

GEN. FREDERICK FUNSTON  
Who has just returned from the Philippines on a leave of absence

JOHN F. DRYDEN  
Senator from New Jersey to succeed William J. Sewell, lately deceased

## HIS HOLINESS POPE LEO XIII. AT THE VATICAN



THE VENERABLE PRELATE GREETING HIS OFFICIAL HOUSEHOLD AND GIVING HIS BLESSING AT THE ENTRANCE OF THE VATICAN, AFTER A RIDE THROUGH THE GARDENS

## THE DYNAMITE EARTHQUAKE IN NEW YORK CITY

(SEE NEXT PAGE)

**A** ROMAN CHARIOT RACE down Fifth Avenue—exactly like the celebrated picture of the Roman chariot race, the fire-engines looked as they tore along. Automobiles and carriages were drawn to either side and the centre of the avenue was left clear. One after another they came, tearing along with whistles screaming and plumes of steam flying behind them. After them came the ambulances with clanging bells. Every one was asking where was the fire. Only a few seconds before the ground had trembled from an explosion, but everybody now, since the construction of the rapid transit tunnel has been going on, is accustomed to the sound of frequent explosions. They are merely the punctuation marks of life in this noisy City of Urest.

I followed the fire-engines, and found myself walking along Park Avenue in the direction of the Grand Central Station. A large number of people were hurrying along in the same direction. Suddenly I noticed that I was walking on broken glass. All the sidewalk was littered with broken glass. I was speculating as to who had been along the sidewalks sprinkling the glass until, looking up at one of the houses, I saw, to my astonishment, that every pane of glass in it was broken. Coming close to the Murray Hill Hotel, people were rushing hither and thither, as people do when panic-stricken. A man rushed past holding a handkerchief to his head, from which the blood streamed. The scene in front of the hotel was more like what Pekin was when the Allies entered and sacked the town than anything else. Out on the road lay the body of a dead man. In a window at the corner of the hotel an old lady lay, apparently dying. One could hardly believe this was going on in the middle of the noonday right in the centre of New York. The scene inside the Murray Hill Hotel simply baffled description. Here and there the ceilings had fallen, furniture was tossed about, and in every direction were people stanching their wounds or attending upon others. Then out of the chaos of panic it was interesting to watch how order asserted itself. A cordon of police was formed round the scene of the explosion. With clanging bells one after another the ambulances came up, one of them bearing as many as six surgeons. The explosion occurred a few minutes after twelve, and at

half-past twelve there must have been between two and three hundred people having their wounds dressed. That ghastly corpse still lay out on the roadway awaiting the arrival of the coroner.

Bad as was the explosion itself, and great as was the damage done, it is simply wonderful that things were not made worse by a fire. It would not have been surprising if with broken gaspipes, electric wires torn down and the general dislocation of the building, either the Murray Hill or the Grand Union Hotel had caught fire. Water from the 24-inch main was pouring into the street in great volumes. Smoke was coming from several apartments in the hotel itself, but the attention of the firemen was quickly turned to all of these and the fire never spread.

The tunnel where the explosion occurred had been excavated for a distance of three hundred and fifty feet south and forty feet to the north. Workmen were below, and were being rapidly assisted to the surface. Among those who arrived first at the scene of the disaster there was a rumor that a trolley car had been blown up in the subway and everybody killed, but by wonderful good fortune such was not the case; although the cars pass through that subway at intervals of a few seconds, they had escaped the explosion.

An emergency hospital was established at the corner of Forty-second Street and Madison Avenue. Fifty of the injured were cared for there during the first half-hour after the disaster. Here the ambulance corps were working as on a battlefield, and around about it during that time was to be seen more blood-flowing and more wounds than is often visible in a fairly hot engagement.

The first of the dead recovered was William Tubs, an engineer in the employ of Ira A. Shaler. Eye-witnesses of the explosion told the story of his heroism. They said that he was the first to discover the fire in the powder-house. He fully realized the terrible danger. He shouted to others to run for their lives, but stayed on himself, endeavoring to extinguish the flames before they reached the powder. His gallant efforts were unavailing. He lost his own life in his attempt to save the lives of others.

Several huge timbers had been hurled through the windows

of the Murray Hill Hotel. It was quite extraordinary that they did not do more damage. Mr. J. Roderick Robertson of Nelson, British Columbia, was crushed to death by them. Father Arthur Sheedy, assistant rector of St. Agnes's Roman Catholic Church, had been passing outside of the Murray Hill Hotel at the time of the explosion. He went inside and passed from room to room administering the last rites of the Church. He administered absolution to twelve people in the hotel. Some who were not really hurt were suffering from the terrible shock. One or two women kept screaming hysterically for nearly half an hour after the explosion.

There was a wild scene of panic in the Grand Central Station when the explosion occurred. The great waiting-room on the ground floor was crowded with travellers waiting for their trains. The concussion smashed every window on the Forty-second Street side, and shook the heavy walls and floors like an earthquake. Hundreds in the waiting-room sprang to their feet and rushed frantically through the doors on to the platform in the train-shed. There were three trains on the point of starting, and many of the passengers, fearing that the iron and glass roof of the shed would collapse, rushed out of the cars and ran back through the gates and joined a lot of panic-stricken fugitives who were rushing for the streets outside. The clocks in the towers had their ground-glass faces, ten feet in diameter, completely blown out. Our front page photograph is taken looking north on Park Avenue, and shows the scene of the explosion while rescue work was going on, the indescribable débris and the present condition of the Grand Central Station.

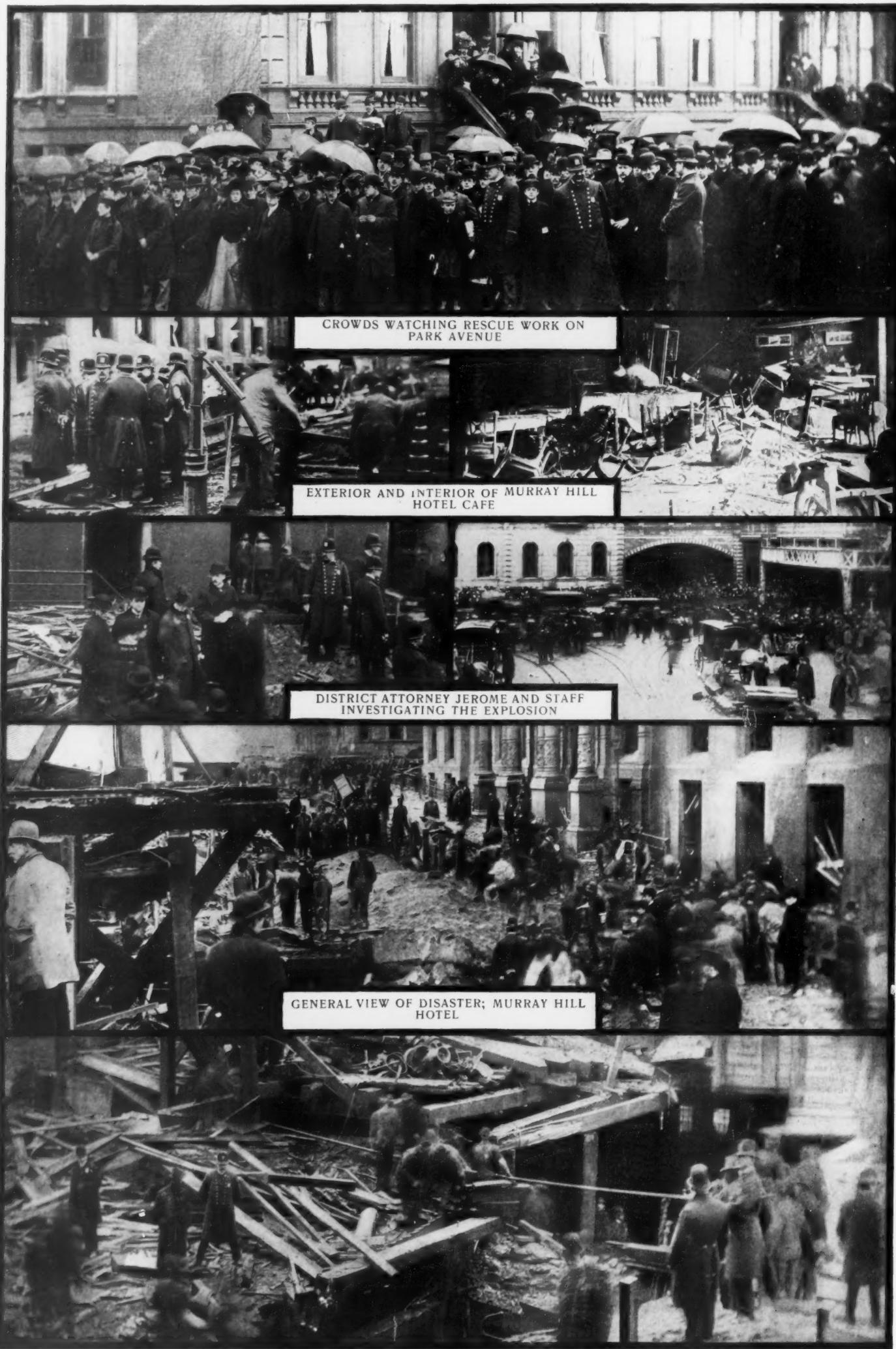
Twenty-six of the railroad employees were more or less severely cut by flying glass, but the marvel is that more were not injured. Hurry calls were at once sent by the officials to all the doctors in the neighborhood, and on every floor they had patients to treat.

Six men were killed immediately and seventy-five injured so severely that many of them will probably die; four hundred were cut and bruised—at least, so many were accounted for, but numbers rushed away to doctors and had their wounds dressed by them who were not counted among the injured.

GEORGE LYNCH.

# THE NEW YORK RAPID TRANSIT TUNNEL DISASTER

(SEE PRECEDING PAGE)





# THE BEACHCOMBERS

By A. J. DAWSON

Author of "Middle Greyness," "Bismillah," Etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY A. I. KELLER



"H, YES!" SAID THE SLIGHTER of the two men on the beach, speaking with the last extreme of languid bitterness. "So long, certainly! And good luck—by all means, if you can place any value on wishes from me. God knows I've no further use for wishing, myself. You've more grit left in you than I have, Jones!"

The other man paused. He had been strolling off along the sun-whitened sands toward the town. He turned now, with a shrug of his broad, scarcely clad shoulders, and regarded curiously the limp, recumbent figure of the man he was leaving—leaving stretched there in the shadow of a ruined fort, a crenelated shell, with toothless, half-buried cannon, and walls which guides dub Roman.

"I told you my real name yesterday," he said, with brusque courtesy.

"But I didn't reciprocate," rejoined the other, screwing one elbow further into the powdery sand. "Jones is a good enough name for you, isn't it? And I'd just as soon continue as Smith till—till the only kind of luck I wish myself; and that's death!"

"Rats!" One square meal and a cigar would alter all that, sonny. By the hokey, a good fat coucouscou an' a cigarette 'ud see me through. An' I'll worry 'em out o' this blooming old city to-day, too; you can kiss th' Book on that, Mis' Smith—since it's Smith an' Jones you prefer. So long!"

Now coucouscou is a purely Moorish dish, and Jones was but a recent arrival in Sunset Land, while the other man had spent many years in different corners of it. Yet Jones's mouth watered at mention of coucouscou, while nothing short of a European hotel meal, with napery and attendance, would have served to stir Smith's inert imagination. That was the loss of Smith; or perhaps, as Jones would have called it, "his damned gentlemanly way."

By exactly what manner of devious and downward-tending byways a man having such a way with him had happened upon just Smith's present level in the social structure Jones had not yet learned. A certain indolent reticence was part of the slender man's way. As for Jones, his little affair was simplicity itself. He had killed his man in Gibraltar (though himself modestly deprecated the distinction, saying "An' it wasn't a man, when all's said, but only a snickering Rock scorp' pimp; a thing in patent-leather boots and a pink striped shirt; stunk like a polecat, he did, o' women's scents—rot him!") and served two years' imprisonment there for manslaughter, "under great provocation." An English Australian sailor, second mate of a tramp, judged by his peers on the Rock, who admitted that the creature stain only missed inclusion in the vermin list "for lack of a tail." "His two years served, Jones had drifted across the Straits, "to grow my hair," and in Morocco, unfortunately, had taken to stone face gin from Hamburg—a false and fiery friend, who strews all the world's beaches, and its forsaken guts and gildies, with the stark victims of its fierce liaisons.

Jones had become a feature of the town, even as one of its smells, its fountains, its city gate beggars, or the mad f.kee of the camel fandak. So had Smith, slim languid Smith, whom men had known by another name in Spain, in London, in Fez and elsewhere. But this difference lay between the two as features of the crooked, hiving streets: Jones was grinned at good-humoredly alike by Moors and Christians, and that even when cursed by the latter sort and refused the drink or other alms he sought; but Smith was cursed and sneered at, without smiles. A man mostly reaps as he sows, after all, particularly in primitive or barbaric communities. And Smith dealt openly in listless contempt, and in the snarls of stung pride, cracked self-respect, and vanity scotched and mutilated, albeit breathing and bleeding still.

"And to think it's come to this," muttered Smith in his sand-bed, when Jones's retreating figure had dwindled to the smallness of a locust—a locust showing black, not yellow, upon that sun-bleached ribbon of sand. "By the Lord, I couldn't creep much lower! A kind of partner with that—with this beggar; and—a mighty poor partner at that; doing less than a share of the work. Grrrr! Why haven't I ended it all before now? Liquor! Don't I know the whole miserable round? I don't even hanker after liquor, By Heaven! I desire no other thing than an end to it all."

The man rose in sections, cumbrously as a four-footed beast leaves the litter for its daily toil. Erect, he shaded his lustrous eyes with one hand—shapely hand shielding a face by no means unrefined or ill-looking—and gazed out over the sparkling water-rows which mark the Atlantic's meeting with the Mediterranean. He was moodily gazing into the distance when the man he called Jones appeared from the landward side of the old fort.

"He's drunk, noisy drunk—foul!" That was Smith's first thought. "Gad! he's brought liquor and grub for me at all events. I am hungry." That was his second reflection; and, unlike its predecessor, this second surmise was correct.

"You see me, Smith?" shouted Jones. "I've struck oil. I've struck gold; niggots; the red humpy. Here, we have a drink! Come along with the old humpy. I've got to talk an' you've got to listen; and we may as well feed. I struck old Bensaquin for this, and I'm goin' to strike him for dollars to-morrow. Oh! but I've rung the bell this trip. We are about to retire from this beach, Mister Smith—and live on our means."

Together they entered the old fort, and sat them down in the embrasure which had sheltered them for more than three weeks now; ever since their first coming together, in fact, wanderers from the poles of respectability, mutually drawn, it seemed, by the magnet of vagabondage existing for both in the tropical no-man's land of the beach. The beach in this case happened to be a seashore. The beach is everywhere, however, south and east of Europe; with him and without the sound breakers.

They had Moorish loaves, fried mincemeat on skewers, a square-face of gin and an earthen jar of spring water, with a greasy copy of "Al Moghreb al Akha" for napery. It was with a shrug of disgust, contemptuous dislike of all his circumstances, that the smaller man fell to upon the coarse food, but it was none the less a fact that as the meal progressed this same coarse food put fibre into the man's voice and movement and light where vacancy had been in his eyes.

"So you've found a billet, have you?" said Smith, when raw hunger appeased, he began handling the food with more decent deliberation.

"Found a billet?" echoed the other from a full mouth. "By the hokey, I've done a deal more than that. What's a billet? In a country like this, too? No, sir—I've found a fortune. That's what's the matter with me. A fortune for both of us. Because you've got to help me lift it; and, anyway, we're pards, whack and whack alike. Yes, sir! What d'ye think of a cool ten thousand sterling apiece, hey? Cut a tidy dash on that, even in the old country, couldn't you? My oath! I shall take a little farm and breed a prad or two. Queer," he hummed, on a full fed reminiscent sigh; "but the sight of a mare an' foal always did fetch me, even back home in th' old days, at Shoalhaven. That's N.S.W., you know. Ah, h'm!"

"You haven't been drinking at all, have you, Jones?" asked Smith, raising the square-face to his own lips as he spoke.

"Well, I haven't much chance while you're about," grinned the other. "But, no; it's not jin-jams, sonny, but just copper-bottomed, hard-wood cert; you can kiss th' Book on that. And now we've fed I'll tell you. You know there's a new American consul-general here; came last month?"

"Yes. Well?"

"Well! Now this afternoon old Bensaquin met me in the inner Sök an' gave me a letter to take to the American consul; to be given into his own hands. Up I goes to the United States consulate, like any gold-braided Excellency, and asks for the consul-general. Engaged with th' commander of th' United States warship lying in th' bay there. I could sit down an' wait. "All right," says I; an' just strolls out on that little green balcony an' squats down in th' shade. Next minute I'd pricked up my ears. I was right under th' consul-general's window, an' th' shutters were open, that being the shady side. "Well," some one was saying, "what's the exact amount of our claims just now, anyway?" That was th' commander, I reckoned, because it wasn't th' new consul's voice. "Well, I've worried it down a bit from the original," says th' consul, "and now it's a hundred and twenty thousand dollars—Moorish, you know—an' not a cent less." D'ye see? That's about twenty thousand sterling, isn't it?"

Smith nodded, with a fair show of interest. He was fed now, and smoking.

"H'm!" says th' commander, "an' you don't want to present yourself at Court before next year?" "Jes' so," says th' consul. They kep' quiet for a bit, an' then th' commander took a fresh light for his cigar. Yes, they were as close as that to the window. "Well," says he, between puffs, "by what I can make of it you'd best let me play the stern and unforgiving partner, like th' chap in Dickens, you know. My orders were to hang about here while I could be of any use in settling our outstanding claims, as you know. Well, now, it don't matter a cent how I personally stand with th' Sultan. I've no particular use for th' old chap's good opinion. And I'd rather like to pay another visit to the Court anyway. I've been in this Moorish racket before, you know—before you were out o' schooldays. Tell ye what I'll do. I'll jes' steam along as far as Mogador, putting in at the little ports for a day, just to show 'em our guns. You send a courier to the Court with word that I await cash settlement of our claims at Mogador. Say my orders from Washington are all-fired peremptory. Say my ship'll wait one month on th' coast, an' that you fear I shall then come personally for settlement at Marrakish; and that failing cash up then, me bein' a brutal sailor chap, I'm likely to proceed to th' bombardment of the coast towns. I tell you that's the only way to talk to these beggars. You can rely on me, I know this country all ends up. And at th' month's end, off I go with my little caravan to Marrakish. You'd better say a fortnight, just to stir 'em. But I'll wait a month really. You jes' tell th' old huckster, in the name of the United States, he's got to stump up to th' last cent into th' hands of Commander Hawkins. I'll do th' rest. How's that?"

"Well, they palavered a bit more, an' th' consul-general he reckoned it was a great scheme. That course shall start for th' Court to-night, captain," says he. And so they settled it; an' presently I got my letter delivered an' cleared off to old Bensaquin for backshoesh, thinkin' th' thing out in my mind as I went along. "Now," says I to myself, "here's twenty thousand pounds as good as goin' a-beggin'. Twenty thousand isn't here nor there to th' United States Government, anyway. But it'd be th' devil an' all of a fine thing for Smith an' me—th' makin' of us. It's lying round kind of loose in this old Bible-story country. Now what do I want to get th' fingerin' of it? I want mighty little. There's mighty little; a twixt me an' twenty thousand notes. I want a partner; a gentleman an' sort of chap who knows th' native gab inside out. That's one thing. Then I want just enough money to take me an' my pard down to Mogador, in th' wake of that United States warship; to let us land as though from th' warship, one of us in some sort of uniform, for choice, an' get together half a dozen Moors an' animals, with a little grub, an' th' loan of a few guns. An' then, hey for Marrakish, me an' my partner!—that is th' secretary an' th' United States commander; an'—an' who's goin' to stop me comin' back with that twenty thou'? By the hokey, sonny, it's just the deadliest bird that ever was—hey!"

"It's a most ingenious scheme," said Smith slowly, "a most ingenious scheme; and upon my soul I almost wish it could be worked."

"Wish it could—what?"

"Yes, wish we could have worked it. The money would be a deal more good to us than to the United States. But, of course, it can't be done. You don't seriously think it could be done, do you?"

"Seriously think! Why, holy smoke, what else d'ye think I've bin talkin' for? Think it could be done! Man, th' thing'll do itself. Old Bensaquin will advance th' ready. I'll tell him th' whole thing, halving th' amount, an' we'll promise him two an' a half each. Do it—when you've got th' language at your fingers'-ends, an' I've got all th' particulars. My colonial! You don't seem to see what a clipper rigged scheme this is. Why, what in blazes is there to stop us doing it?"

"The thing's on your nerves, Jones, that's why you don't see it. It's stealing, my dear man; common or garden theft."

"Oh, rats! Are we in a kid glove sort of a position on this beach? An' who'd lose by it, anyway?"

"We should. Penal servitude, Jones; a long period."

Smith was chewing his mustache feverishly, and his thoughts, with maddening persistence, ran upon pictures of himself bowing down golden Piccadilly in a hansom to open a bank account with ten thousand pounds. Not to François Villon himself did money ever seem more sweetly desirable than it seemed to this plexus of irresolution. Yet he spoke reasonably and with indifferent wisdom, you see; and habit lent an indolent aloofness to his words which chilled Jones to the bone. Poor Jones, with his cheery muscularity, his crudeness, and his simple desire to win clear of the beach and acquire a competence!

Jones returned to the attack then chilled and feeling that the odds were against him. He was no thought-reader, or student of such indicative minutiae as the mustache-chewing practice, but just a plain, kindly, rather gross man, full to the throat of a scheme of golden promise that, to him, seemed morally legitimate as sea-fishing or smuggling—he ranked such things as equal—and that no doubt was as morally legitimate as the commercial cornering of foodstuffs on *Change*. "You've lost nerve, Smith," he said, "and that's what spoils your eye for th' color in this scheme. It's not the scheme's fault. Th' scheme'll wash every time, an' don't you forget it. But this forsaken beach has sapped your nerve, an' you're just seein' things when you talk of penal servitude. Why, man, I could carry th' thing through with both hands tied behind me. It's binnacle-steering work. Penal servitude! Penal blazes! Why?"

He talked a good deal in that strain; and at the end of it Smith said languidly: "It's simply common theft, just robbery, none the less."

Then Jones rose, shaking fragments of food from his great loose frame as he did so, and strolled out before the ruined fort in time to see the moon rising, slow and silvery, from behind the Hill of Apes. He was whistling in a disjointed, discordant manner. But Jones lacked his companion's training in indifference—the training that comes of habit. He had really risen to hide the fact that there were tears of hot disappointment in his eyes. And he had not hidden it. Suddenly a hand fell upon his shoulder lightly, a small hand, used gently, in Smith's "damned gentlemanly way."

"Look here, Jones, don't grizzle! I'll do it. I'll go with you."

"You will? You'll work it with me? Give us your hand on it!"

"Eh? Oh, that's all right. I daresay it's right enough. As well one thing as another," said Smith, listless as ever now the step was taken. Jones had not heard his barefooted approach, but had swung violently round at the touch of Smith's hand. And so the thing was settled.

"Ye see, I never could've attempted it without you," explained the now jubilant Jones. "Even the Sultan wouldn't be such a Juggins as to take me for a naval swell; whereas you, Smith, dashed if I shouldn't take you for something tony in th' gold-laced Government House line myself."

"Would you?" murmured Smith, as a bored man acquiesces in a tea-table comment on the weather.

"And then there's th' lingo, you see. You'll be able to do the talking."

"Yes; I shall be able to do the talking, certainly. Do you know, I think I'll go to sleep now."

"Sleep! Oh well, all right, old man; as you like. I shall get into the city and tackle old Bensaquin. There's no time to lose."

"Just so. I'll say good-night, then. I wouldn't give the show away more than I could help. Your Barbary Jew's a snaky beast."

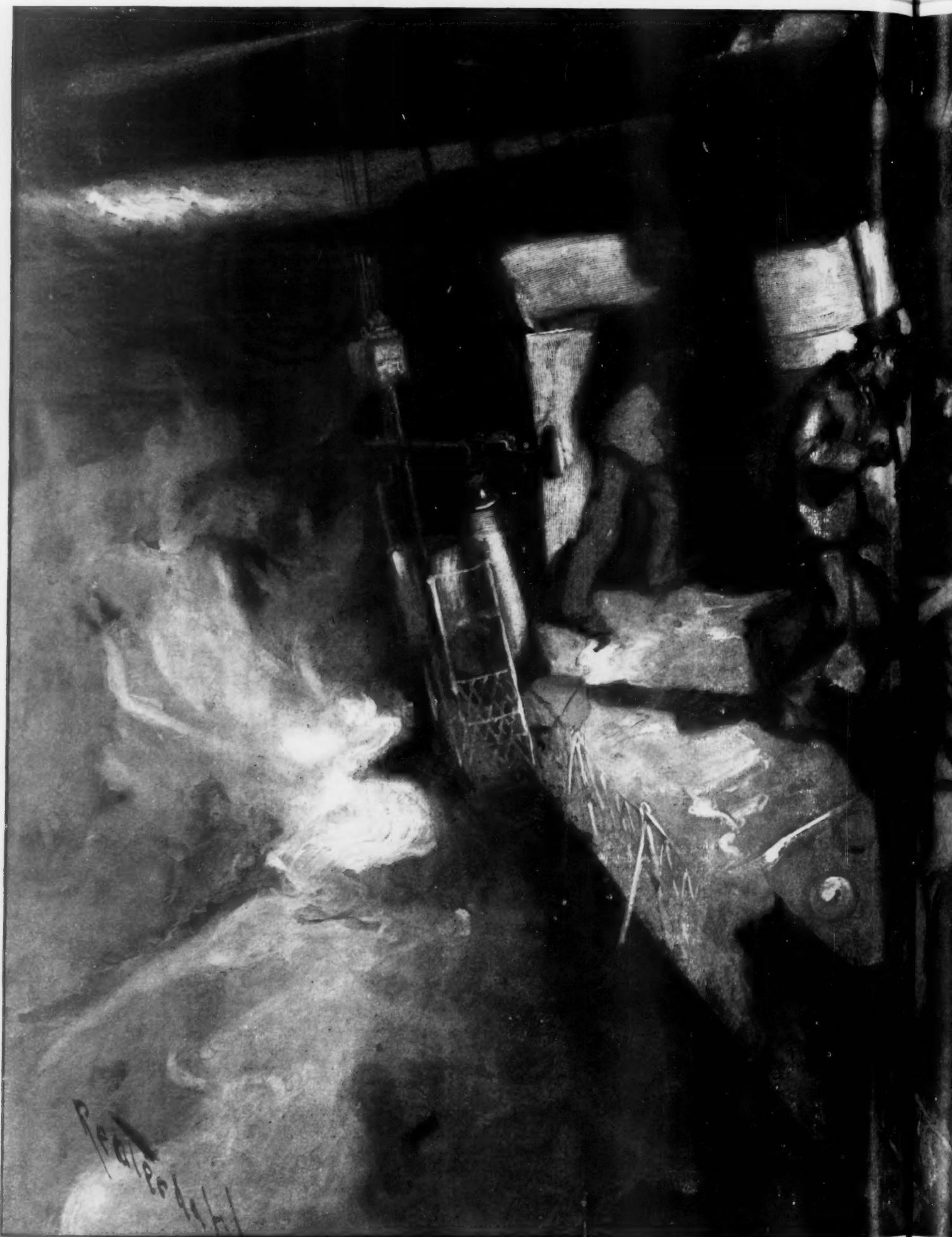
So they parted, Jones striding off in the moonlight, uplifted and elate, Smith retiring to the flaky-walled embrasure which was home to them both, and there stretching himself full length upon the sand.

"Rum beggar, my word!" quoth soaring Jones. "These Old Country gentlemen—tss, tss! But I guess the real thing's in him. Smoke! If I can only rummage up something gilt edge in the way of a uniform!"

An hour later saw him closeted with Bensaquin the Hûdi, in the heavily barred and bolted cupboard in which that venerable son of Israel lived and carried on his varied and delectable concerns.

The Jew proved wary and cautious, yet amenable. He even improved upon Jones's scheme by managing, through the good nature of an American with whom he had business, to secure passages to Mogador for the two Christians aboard the United States warship *Hawatha*, Commander Hawkins. And as the commanders of men-of-war do not look to take fares, this meant that the American Government gave free board and lodging and a safe convoy, through the initial stages of their adventure, to two persons bent upon diverting from the said government's coffers the sum of twenty thousand pounds sterling.

Honest Jones was tickled to the deepest shallows of his simple soul by this aspect of the business, and ate for three at the petty officers' mess. Even Smith seemed languidly



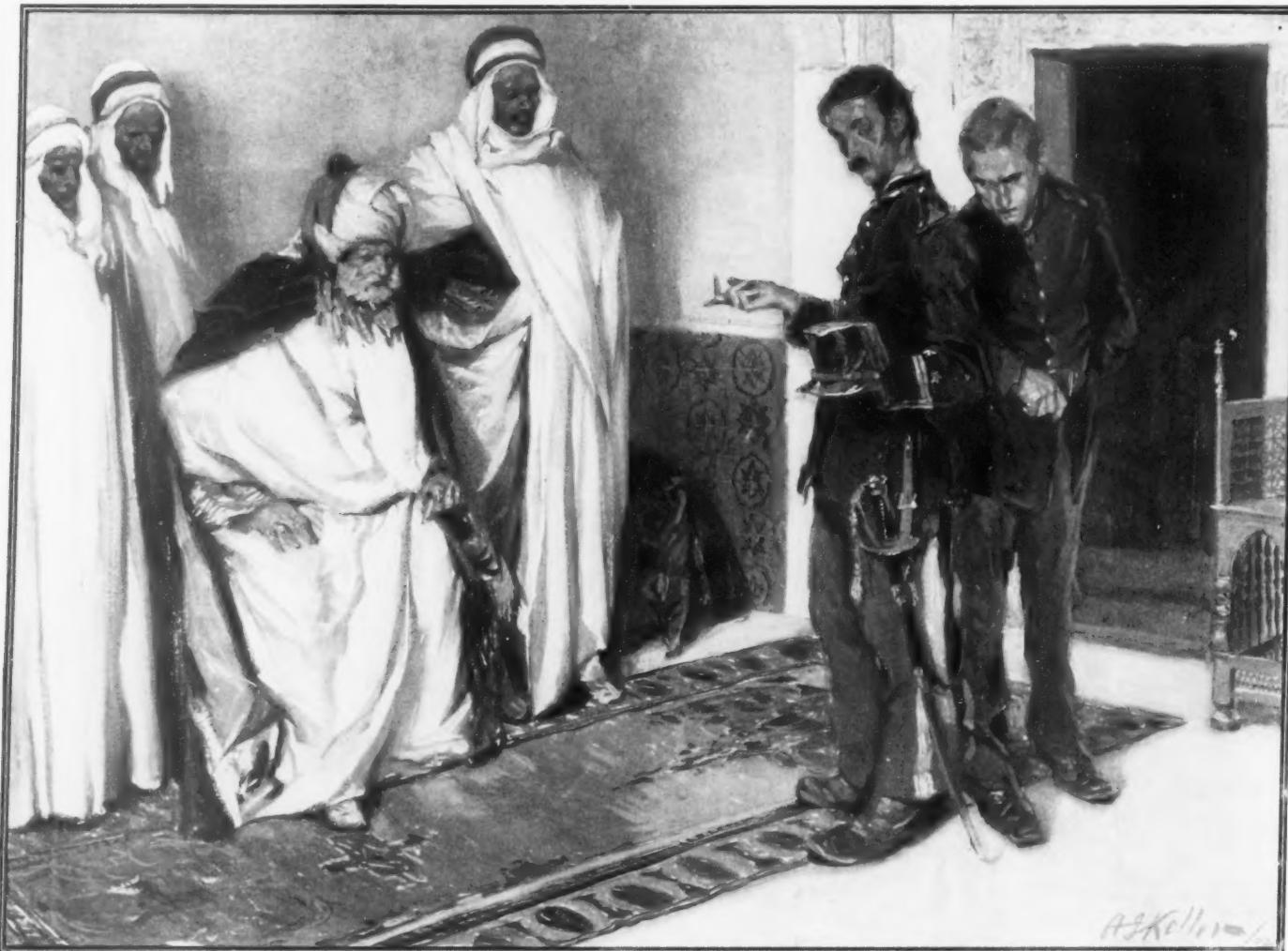
## "HERE SHE

FRANCE IS MAKING WONDERFUL PROGRESS IN NAVAL POWER AND EFFICIENCY. KAISER WILHELM EXPRESSED THE OPINION THAT THE FRENCH NAVY WAS THE FINEST IN EXISTENCE. OUR MARINE ARTIST'S DRAWING



## SHE COMES!"

REPRESENTS A FRENCH TORPEDO BOAT PREPARING TO TORPEDO A BATTLESHIP DURING THE LAST MANOEUVRES OFF BREST, SUMMER OF '01  
—"Navies of the World" Series: Drawings by Henry Reuterdahl — See page 18)



"TELL HIM HE'S A LIAR!"

amused and pleased, while his companion in crime was made literally to swell from pride when, on a perfect May morning off Rabat, Commander Hawkins himself called Smith to his side upon the quarter-deck and engaged that polite adventurer in friendly and apparently interested conversation about Morocco and Smith's business there!

This was the first of several amiable chats for Smith. Once or twice it happened that Jones was present in the flesh at these meetings. I say in the flesh, because mentally he could not have been said to take part. Commander Hawkins ignored him with a most exquisitely polite rudeness. Just before the end, the commander happened casually upon Smith, alone, and addressed the young man genially, as usual, after various remarks:

"Er—your—er—Mr. Jonah, I think you said his name was; may one ask how—er—what you—"

"Mr. Jones—Jones—is my partner, sir." Smith's eyes met those of the commander, levelly, without compromise.

"Ah! I understand. Quite so. Good-morning, Mr. Smith."

The captain resumed his promenade. "Misguided young ass, all the same, one fancies. But they are loyal, these young Englishmen. Quite the public school glare he gave me—young fool! If that Jones is not—however, it's not one's own funeral, of course."

Smith and Jones were duly landed in the man-of-war's launch at Mogador. In that they spread themselves as much as possible. Then, as unobtrusively as might be, they made their ways to the house of a Jewish merchant, a correspondent of Bensaquin's. Animals and a few Moors were there engaged, and that afternoon a little caravan rode out of the town bound for the Court at Marrakish. Smith was the central figure, mounted on a showy horse and dressed in a Spanish military uniform, tarnished yet fine, the worse for wear, but ornately frapped and gilded. The Jewish merchant had his instructions. Native gossip was to be set moving; and native gossip would travel to the Court faster than Smith and Jones could hope to make the journey.

It was a queer embassy without doubt; but, once clear of the coast, appearances mattered little. Smith was the American commander; Jones, the bubbling and elated, merely his secretary and lieutenant. Yet the chief was the mouthpiece of all orders, even to their cook; and, as a fact, the captain of the expedition was Jones. Jones had no Arabic. That was the loss of him. But as sheer insolence made Smith transmit his partner's orders almost literally, they were fairly peremptory and vivid, even at second hand.

One day out from Marrakish the two met a courier jogging toward the coast, the heels of his stained slippers pulled well up, his staff sticking out from the back of his neck, the slack of his crimson trousers tucked into his girdle and a big palmetto satchel upon his shoulders.

"This chap's a Sultan's special courier, I fancy," said Smith.

"Is he? Hi! Stop him, partner."

Smith obeyed.

"Make him turn out his swag."

"It's as much as his life's worth."

"Well, that's not as much as twenty thou'."

Under pressure, the Moor revealed a great sealed letter addressed in Arabic to Commander Hawkins.

"Tell him that's you, and read it," said Jones. The commander, in his tarnished finery, read aloud a flowery list of excuses, fair promises, requests for delay, and the rest of the stock cant with which his Shereefian Majesty wards off pressing claims upon his treasury.

"H'm! All right. Pocket the letter, partner, and get that fellow to tail on to our crowd. We must make some show in entering the city to-morrow."

The thing was done as the real chief ordered. The languid, gentle man in uniform made it so.

At daybreak next morning two of the followers were sent on ahead to herald the approach of this illustrious mission.

"Tell them to lay it on pretty thick, partner. Say the Americano is mighty wrathful, and must have his audience to day, or to-morrow at latest, else back we go to the coast to prepare for bombardment."

Again Smith made it so, and the main body of the caravan moved slowly forward.

Now it happened at this particular juncture that the Prophet's lineal descendant, his Shereefian Majesty at Marrakish, was in a chill tremor of anxiety about the action of the infidel upon his southeastern frontier. It did appear to the Sultan that the years of the French "creep in" upon his decadent realm were about to end in a final snap which would send three columns hurtling into Fez from Ain Sefra, and establish the tricolor in place of the blood-red emblem of pretended Moorish integrity. Therefore, argued the simply crafty potentate, let me by all manner of means kowtow to all other Nazarene pigs and particularly those not allied to the French pigs.

Our adventurers were hospitably and respectfully welcomed at the city gates, before a cheval-de-frise of gory rebels' heads and immediately beneath the Nazarene's Hook, that hideous spike upon which gentle Mulai Ismail of honored memory loved to impale Christian captives, pour passer le temps and by way of impressing his puissance upon their surviving fellows.

The American Bashador was to be received on the morrow, announced the salhaaming m. kaddem. Meantime, would his Excellency and suite deign to find entertainment in his Sacred Majesty's most padatul guest-house? To this his languid Excellency consented with an admirably official nod, playing his part, all unconsciously, to a miracle. His Excellency's secretary had wit enough to recognize the superlative verisimilitude of his partner's rendition of the part; yet, for himself, could not for his life refrain from the gushing urbanity of a Regent Street shop-walker, when acknowledging this city-gate welcome, and hugging to himself all that it meant in the out-working of his scheme. But, fortunately for the success of his plans, the simple soul had not a word of Arabic beyond "Thank you!" and "Get away!"

Bright and early on the morrow, too early, as Downing Street reckons time, even for the taking of the morning tub, his American Excellency was summoned to the Sacred Presence. In view of the urgency of the matter in hand and, to be accurate, of his Serenity's cold perspiration over news from his southeast frontier, the audience was to be a private one; in a room of the palace, that is, and not a horseback in a courtyard, with the harassing accompaniments of gun-firing and discordant fanfares, such as the Sultan orders when in good heart.

Only the Eyebrow, or Chamberlain, the Grand Waizer, and the usual more or less hidden circle of slaves were in attendance upon the Prophet's descendant when he first clapped eyes upon Messieurs Smith and Jones, the former at ease in his elaborate if slightly archaic Spanish uniform, the latter dissembling his nervous eagerness, as one supposes he thought, by alternately scowling like a stage pirate and washing his hands in mud after the fashion set by retailers of inexpensive feminine attire.

His American Excellency, using the Maghrebin with colloquial fluency, greeted the Throne, and stated the claim of the United States of America more listlessly than the average man orders soda-water at the breakfast-table.

His Shereefian Majesty, having tremulously taken snuff on the fork of his thumb, was understood to murmur graciously the wish that his illustrious visitor might attain great longevity. Regarding the inconsiderable trifle just mentioned, the Eyebrow explained with gusto that a messenger bearing the full settlement with him was even then on his way to the coast in search of his American Nobility.

Nobility smiled satirically and translated to his secretary. The secretary, throwing aside his earthen and department-store-clerk manner, assumed the mien of a medieval executioner, and said in a hoarse English whisper: "Tell him he's a liar, and show him his own letter. Remember what the commander told the consul; it's the only way to treat these beggars."

Still smiling, "My scribe sayeth," murmured Smith to the Eyebrow, "that your Excellency is a liar. He also remindeth me of this thy letter, which reached me not at the coast, but on the road higher. In this is no mention of money save in the way of procrastination, the which I am bound to tell you my government ordered me to respond to only from out the mouths of the great guns upon my ship."

Again his Shereefian Sublimity attempted to take snuff, but, as though to keep his sacred knees in countenance, the puissant right hand of Allah's Anointed trembled so violently that the precious stub was all spilled 'twixt mother-o'-pearl tube and royal nose.

The Eyebrow ventured tentatively to bluster a little upon the personal point of honor. This was suppressed, however, by an impatient movement of the Sultan's. "A mistake has been made. Your Excellency shall receive the money by royal courier within the moon."

His Excellency translated, and, prompted by his secretary, replied: "The Sun and Moon of all the Faithful misunderstand us. Our instructions are urgent and definite. We set out for the coast to-morrow morning. The money must be paid over to us in panniers this afternoon and an escort provided from his Shereefian Majesty's soldiers to guard us and the money on our way out of Marrakish. We go in any case. If with the money, in all peace and content; without it, the—"

The Sacred snuffbox jerkily intervened. The Eyebrow bent his head to catch Majesty's murmurs. "The money will be paid and the escort provided this afternoon. Your Excellency has his Serene Majesty's gracious permission to take your leave of him, and he wishes that your Excellency may live," etc.

Smith carelessly voiced a hope with reference to Majesty's shadow, and the incident was closed, the audience terminated.

"A hundred and twenty thousand dollars in paniers this afternoon—to-day! Bo'sun! What a gold leaf, copper-bottomed miracle! A hundred— Thus Mr. Severe Jones to his uniformed commander in hoarse whispers and as they left the palace together.

"Yes. Seems all right. Thing worked fairly well, didn't it?" rejoined the commander.

"Worked fairly well? Great Snakes! I wonder what you'd call a really first-rate scheme that worked very well. I don't think you've rightly got on to the thing. A hundred and—"

"Yes, yes; I know. But there's no need to make an anthem of it," said Smith quietly.

"No need to— Smoke! Why, they make anthems in Europe when a king and queen get a son!"

The hours immediately following upon their audience at the palace formed a period in his life never to be forgotten by the man Jones. Worn out at length by the outward and visible signs of his partner's distress, Smith left him, going out to smoke and think.

A severe moralist might have disputed and objected to the enumeration of the fact, but it nevertheless was a fact, that this reprehensible, this criminal expedition in which the pair were engaged had done Smith a world of good and that both morally and mentally as well as physically. It is safe to assert, as a general rule, that to engage one's self in crime is not good for the soul. Yet, for truth's sweet sake, it must be repeated that his share in this buccaneering and fraudulent qu' st had infinitely purged the monst' nature and heightened the mental stature of the man.

"Upon my soul!" he muttered to himself, "but this is a deuced discreditable business for my father's son to be engaged upon—a most infernally discreditable business. I know what I'll do, if Allah permits us to scrape clear. I'll get right away to Australia or America, or—yes, gad! yes—to America, of course! And make a clean start, and let the government have my share of this haul anonymously. Hang it, I've got to live with myself. One must keep moderately clean. Conscience money I've seen the sort of thing in the Agony column of the 'Times.' Gad! but I'll do it, too. As for Jones—poor old Jones! A most excellent chap in his way. He won't know his hands are dirty, and so, in a way, I suppose, they won't be. It's all a matter of the point of view. I honestly believe he'd cut his hand off rather than rob an individual. Oh, Lord, here he comes, with his nail biting sweat of nervousness!—Ah, Jones! Quite jolly out here in the shade, isn't it? I suppose our royal escort will be along presently."

Jones stared in wan amazement at his partner's sang froid. "As though it were a porter with our baggage!" he exclaimed.

"Well, it's no good grizzling. The thing's all right. Why, these must be our fellows!"

Into the courtyard then clattered two palace guards, mounted showily. Behind them a man led a string of five not overladen mules with iron-clamped boxes in their shwarries. Behind these again rode a Court official, and last came a single mounted guard.

The courtyard gates were closed, the shwarries were carried into the patio, and the rest of the afternoon was solemnly devoted to the counting out of one hundred and nineteen thousand nine hundred and eighty-seven big, bright Moorish dollars.

The odd thirteen, so characteristically on the right side for the palace, Commander Smith magnanimously forgave. The money was repacked securely, the palace official took his departure with laden purse, and the two Christians passed the night within easy reach of their prize and its guardians.

Not a hitch of any sort came to justify Jones's nervous foreboding. The little caravan was under way shortly after daylight, and the palace guards accompanied it a good day's march toward the coast.

Twenty miles out from Mogador the party met another caravan, heading toward Marrakesh. Traders, Smith called them, after a glance at the little line of hooded white figures and laden pack-animals. The newcomers drew rein as they reached our adventurers—a common courtesy of the Open Road calling for no remark.

"The prosperity of the morning to you!" said Smith, carelessly enough, as the closely hooded leader of the caravan ranged along-side him on a big blue stallion.

"Ah! Yes, one fancied it must be you two. Don't move, Smith; don't move, sir. Three of my followers are American seamen (though they mayn't look it in this rig) and trophy-holding marksmen. Present arms, men; and keep your eyes about you. Ah, Mr. Jonah! It is Jonah, I think; or am I mixing names? You will be so good as to dismount, Mr. Jonah. Smith, get down. We will camp here for an hour, just to see that the bulion for my government is all shipshape. Bo'sun!" One of the hooded figures of the caravan slid smartly from his beast, cast his djellab, and came to the salute as upon Commander Hawkins's own quarterdeck—a trimly uniformed petty officer of the United States Navy.

"Upon my word," resumed Commander

Hawkins, the leader, "I am half inclined to think it all nonsense; this notion that one must wear Moorish dress in travelling here. You may take this garment, bo'sun, and just pitch my little tent—sharp as you like."

The commander had drawn off his all-cloaking djellab, and now displayed his fine figure in trim, warm weather mudi. The tent pitched. "Just see to our friend Mr. Jonah, and—and the things, bo'sun. Mr. Jonah, perhaps you will rest awhile with my men here; good, clean American sailors every one, Mr. Jonah. No doubt you will find topics of mutual interest. Now, Smith, just step inside here with me, if you please. One finds serious conversation almost indecent in such a glare of sunlight." The commander motioned Smith to a camp stool, and sat himself cross-legged upon another, facing it. "Now, first of all, have you the dollars with you, Smith?"

"Yes," replied Smith, somewhat gloomily but with perfect composure.

"Ah! The whole lot intact?"

"Thirteen short of the hundred and twenty thousand."

"Really! I must compliment you, Smith. You really did remarkably well. I know something of that Court and its methods. And now tell me, Smith, what in the name of simplicity induced you to allow your—er—your mission to become common native talk in Mogador?"

"That! Oh, Jones insisted on that, as a means of letting rumor pave the way for us at Court."

"Ah! Mr. Jonah is unfortunate in his influences. Did it not strike you that the same means might pave your way to—to this meeting, after the other? My crew is allowed ashore—in batches, you know. In that way the rumor naturally reached me, in time. It was your scheme's weak point, this contribution of Mr. Jonah's, don't you think?"

"Oh, as to that, I think his scheme was pretty sound for a simple minded man. He is a singularly good hearted, simple soul at bottom in spite of—though you find me—"

"Ah! I somehow guessed it. Then the whole scheme was Mr. Jonah's. I could almost have sworn it. You—er—made the acquaintance on bed-rock, so to say, Smith? Deep spoke to deep, eh—and that sort of thing?"

"He's a thoroughly good sort, really," said Smith, half in aggression and half pleading.

"H'm! Just so. Well, now, Smith, I do not want unnecessarily to humiliate white men, particularly before natives. There must be no attempt at—er—at leaving this party, if you please. We can look further into matters on board. In the meantime keep cool and go straightly, Smith. Never despair. I feel bound to say that I gave you hint about the undesirable character of your partnership quite a while back, on board. However—now keep cool, Smith. We are both entitled to our own opinions about the wholesomeness for you of Mr. Jonah's intimacy. Meantime, sir!"—and here the commander's voice took on a sudden solemnity, a grave dignity very impressive to hear—"be thankful, be very thankful, that things are as they are and you where you are. You are free now of that dirty load from the palace. It has reached its true destination and is in the right hands. Be you very thankful for that."

"Why, frankly, I have been since the moment I recognized you. I meant to make for your country, anyhow, and— However, that won't interest you."

His real thought was: "You won't believe that I meant to return my share, so I won't bother telling you." But the commander was a far-seeing sailor, shrewd, bohemian, and with a temper of ripe and catholic benevolence.

Smith did presently reach America, and under his own name too—which brings one upon the heels of quite another story. Under his own name, Smith was Commander Hawkins's private secretary. And Jones, the last I heard of simple-minded Jones was that he had shipped from 'Frisco as mate of an island brig bound for Honolulu.

THE END

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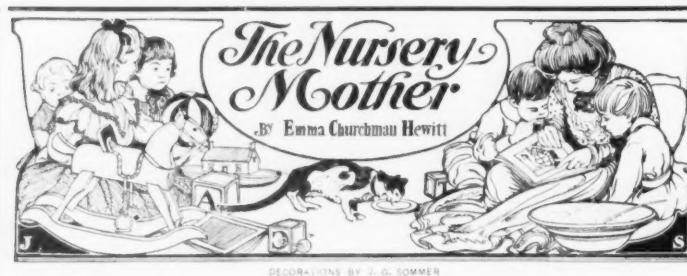
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DECORATIONS BY J. G. SOMMER



ALL THE WAGE-EARNING classes those most to be pitied are the mothers who are left widows with no means of support and whose children are so small as to prevent their mothers from accepting any regular employment outside of the house. An intelligent, refined mother finds herself hard set under such circumstances. Charity is hateful to her and she wishes of all things to have a little home where she can have her laces and penates about her and keep her children together. It is to this class that this article is addressed. Her limitations are great, but it seems as if in her very motherhood might be the talent and occupation for which she is looking. Why may not one mother make capital of her motherhood by helping other mothers in their "bad quarter of an hour"?

Story-telling for children has latterly become a recognized occupation for young girls possessed of special talent in that line. The work commands good prices from its wealthy patrons. At the other end of the line in the specialty of caring for children (everything runs to specialties these days) we have the crèche where the poor mother may leave her children and go about her work rejoicing in the conviction that they are being well housed, well fed and well cared for.

But what is there for the mother in moderate circumstances when she desires to be relieved of the care of her children for a day or even for a few hours? Nothing! If she keeps no maid or is temporarily without one, some obliging neighbor or relative must be asked as a favor to "look after the baby" if the mother must be absent. If the dressmaker be coming, or a bout of baking or housecleaning or preserving be at hand, if moving be on the carpet, or if there be serious illness in the house, the children after school hours are always a problem.

If, then, a refined and intelligent mother would open her house to such children setting up for the better classes what we must call a "day nursery" for want of a better term (how would "Mrs. \_\_\_\_'s Nursery Parlor" do?) it would seem that she should make a good business of it.

Such a place as this, too, would go far toward solving the "nurse problem" which agitates many women. Many a mother feels the necessity of keeping a nurse because she herself has a number of regular engagements per week. Many another is obliged to refuse numerous attractive invitations during the gay season unless she has some one in the capacity of nurse, for these invitations are set for wash day or ironing day, or some other time of household upheaval, which precludes her asking the maid of all-work to look after the little ones.

There is another large class to whom such an enterprise would seem to be very welcome. This is the army of mothers who live in boarding houses and hotels. Comparatively few boarding mothers have nurses, for most people with children only board to reduce expense. A nurse girl's wages and her board bill are not to be thought of for a moment—the more particularly as the mother has now "nothing else to do." Any one who has once tried this, however, knows how terribly confounding it is, allowing the mother to take only such exercise as she can obtain by going out with her children. "Oh, dear!" says many such a weary, overtaxed mother, "if I could only have an afternoon to myself once in a while!"

The house for the purpose named must, of course, be in a good neighborhood, but need not be in a fashionable quarter. The regulations as to admission and the prices charged must be such as to keep the clientele up to a good standard. The establishment should be conducted upon the principle of a huge private nursery. The dwelling itself need not be large, but it should provide one room for the older ones, one for the little ones, and one in which there are two or three small beds for the sleepy ones.

While keeping a rigorous oversight of all that goes on, the supervisor should not only encourage the children to amuse themselves but should teach this lesson in cases where it seems to have been wanting in the home training, as is but too often the case. The captious ones must be well looked after also; disputes must be adjudicated; the individual

children watched lest some sudden drooping classes those most to be pitied are the mothers who are left widows with no means of support and whose children are so small as to prevent their mothers from accepting any regular employment outside of the house. An intelligent, refined mother finds herself hard set under such circumstances. Charity is hateful to her and she wishes of all things to have a little home where she can have her laces and penates about her and keep her children together. It is to this class that this article is addressed. Her limitations are great, but it seems as if in her very motherhood might be the talent and occupation for which she is looking. Why may not one mother make capital of her motherhood by helping other mothers in their "bad quarter of an hour"?

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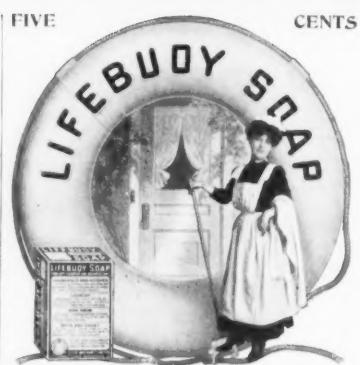
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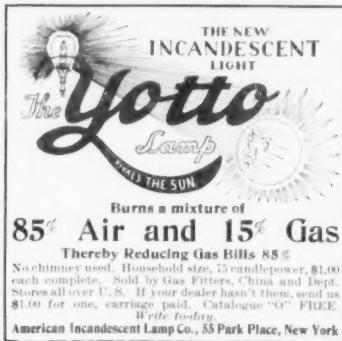
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But let her have a distinct understanding with her patrons and herself that she is to undertake no *teaching* except in so far as it makes easier her work of *amusing*. Otherwise, before she knows it, there will be required of her much that is not in the bond, and to these demands she will find herself yielding more and more, until she suddenly discovers her daily work sapping her mental and physical strength far beyond reason. For, to the enthusiast, this kind of employment presents admirable opportunity of self-immolation on the altar of exaggerated zeal. The worker must remember that she is con-

stantly giving of *herself* and taking in nothing to repair the waste. Therefore must she not undertake too much. As the *teacher* only teaches, so should the "nursery mother" only amuse.

To the hasty reader, the foregoing paper may convey the impression of a disquisition upon a variation of "kindergarten" work, but careful reading will demonstrate clearly that this occupation is absolutely different from that covered by the kindergartens. For the former none of the training, the equipments, nor the expense of time and money are required that are necessary for the latter. All that is requisite is God-given—an intelligent, sympathetic mother intuition.



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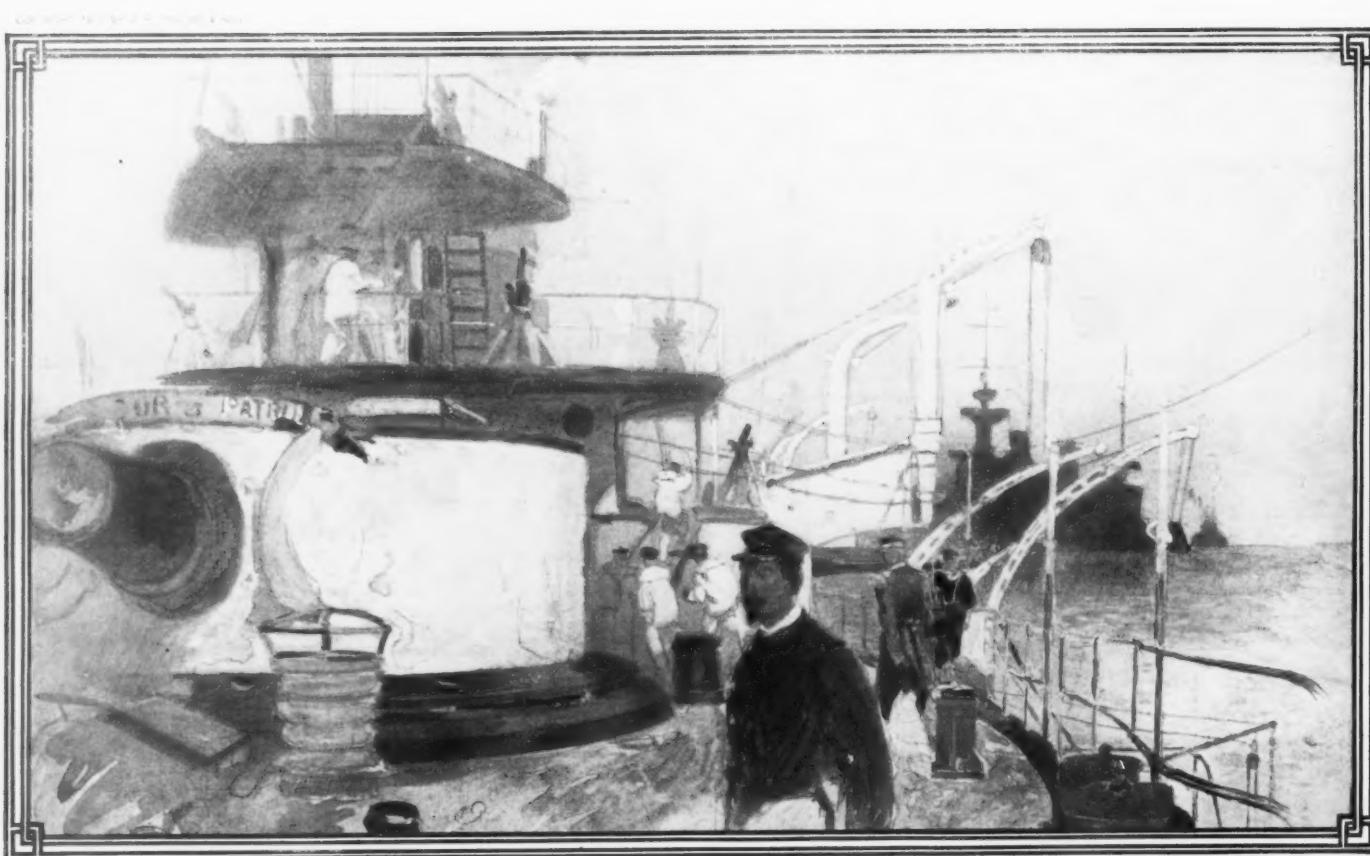
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## THE NEW AND POWERFUL FRENCH NAVY

By H. W. WILSON, Author of "Ironclads in Action," "The Downfall of Spain," Etc.

DRAWINGS BY HENRY REUTERDAHL. (See Double-page.)

FROM PORTSMOUTH, England's greatest naval harbor, to unsavory Cherbourg, which the French Parliamentary Committee of 1852 on the Navy described as "the eye to watch and the sea to strike England," is but a short passage of some hours across our turbulent Channel, yet it serves as an introduction to the French Navy. There, in July, was assembled the finest fleet which France has ever displayed in northern waters, under her very best leaders—Gervais, the "Admiraillasseur," whose task it has been for years to prepare himself for the chief command in the eventuality of a war with England; and Fournier, the Lord Charles Beresford of that rival navy, a man burning with zeal and energy, a brilliant tactician, adored and followed with enthusiasm by those over whom he has authority, respected as a bohemian-worthy of their steel by British officers. It is in the education and selection of the leaders that the capacity of a navy is best shown, and putting by those two men France has no reason to fear comparisons in this respect.

The physique and bearing of the officers and men of the assembled ships were noteworthy. Though Anglo-Saxons are a little given to despising the seamanship of the Latin races, France produces magnificent seamen. I have seen at small British ports the fishing boats putting to sea in the teeth of a furious gale; I know that in our British southern ports there is a saying that when the French smacks run in for shelter the weather must be terrible indeed. I have watched the French torpedo boats maneuvering on the hazardous, reef-studded coast west of Brest, and if the handling was not as perfect as that of German torpedo boats, it left little to be desired. The entry of Admiral Gervais' fleet into Brest Harbor through the narrow "Goulet," only two thousand yards wide and paved in the middle by dangerous rocky plateau, in three columns abreast, was a fine performance, with which any navy might be satisfied. The ordinary French bluejacket is a clean and smart fellow. The red tassel on his sailor cap and the white chin-strap, usually passed across the top of the cap, look at first a little strange to English eyes, as does the loose tunic, not drawn in at the waist. But the dress is both serviceable and attractive. On board the French warship the discipline—at least in the fleets in European stations—is all that could be desired. Maneuvers are performed smartly and with silence. The cleanliness of the ships is something to study. I have seen in Brest Harbor a large sea-going torpedo boat come in fresh from work with the fleet—and what that means those know who have cruised in torpedo boats—where men lead a "piratical" existence in smuds and spray—but two or three hours later when I went on board she was as spick and span as a brand new ship.

The courage of the French Navy has never been questioned except by the particularly foolish. There is no grander record for heroism in any service than that of the *Redoubtable*, Nelson's antagonist at Trafalgar. Her crew fought the ship against almost hopeless odds till 522 out of 645 men were either killed or wounded. And the bearing of the French officers and seamen in Admiral Seymour's column during the ill-temperate attempt to reach Pekin won especial and deserved praise from a British admiral who weights his words. The French naval officer is a gentleman; he is exceedingly educated; he knows the theory as well as the practice

of naval war; his one fault is that he is generally too old. The age of retirement for lieutenants in France is fifty-three, in England it is forty-five. In naval war young officers in the subordinate ranks are necessary if there is to be great dash and daring, and Germany is fortunate in having the youngest leaders of any navy in the world.

Ten, even five, years ago the French Navy was, in the matter of material, in a state of chaos. It owned a "collection of specimens"—to use the phrase of an eminent French authority—not a fleet. Construction was miserably slow. Battleships were ten years or even more in the dockyards. The *Magenta*, for example, was building from 1883 to 1893, and in this lengthy period was altered and transformed so often that she finally emerged a dangerously unstable ship with immense and ridiculous superstructures. In a moderate gale her behavior was so alarming that she had to be stripped of her upper works. But of late years far-reaching reforms have been effected. In the old days dockyard laborers would calmly say, "We rest in the arsenal," when questioned as to how they managed to live eight or nine miles from their work. To-day France is building as fast as England or Germany or America. In fact, she has succeeded in launching a first-class battleship in six months from its commencement.

Though the French Navy is conservative enough—like all navies—in many matters it has been quick to introduce startling changes in the design of ships. The screw war-vessel and the employment of armor for the protection of water-line and hull had their origin in France and were copied from her by the world. In the present generation she has been the first to realize the danger of fire in the modern warship, as far back as 1890 she had practically eliminated wood from her new cruisers and battleships. She was the first power to utilize electricity to any extent on board, for purposes other than lighting. She was the first to adopt high explosive shells, and now she claims that she has a fuse of such admirable action that it will allow these terrible projectiles to penetrate thin armor and explode in the interior of the ship. She was the first to realize the importance of protecting the cruiser with armor. Her ships of the *Duguay de Lévis* class were, as usual, first scoffed at and then copied by the world. She was the first, also, to see the possibilities of submarine craft, and to-day owns more of these dangerous little vessels than all the other powers of the world combined. The United States may be said to have begun to experiment with the submarine in 1899; ten years before, the French constructor Zédé had designed and completed the *Gymnote*, the predecessor of the *Gustave Zédé*, *Morse*, *Narcis*, and eighteen other submarines now built or building for the French Navy. Those who have seen the French craft at work are not among their detractors. The submarine may not be an ocean-going craft, but then, after all, the Channel is at its narrowest point little more than twenty miles wide, and if France can only command that narrow stretch of water she has achieved her purpose. It will be remembered, too, that France led the way in the adoption of the torpedo boat, which is now regarded as a formidable engine of war in the narrow seas, and that her navy was the first to carry breech-loading guns.

The modern French warship is of curious aspect. She is less like a ship and more like a floating fort than British vessels

Her squat funnels, her numerous turrets, her enormously long guns, and her ugly drab color—when she is in her working trim—give her a formidable appearance. Of late years the superstructures and grotesquely exaggerated military masts with their innumerable tops have been much cut down and square bows adopted in place of the prodigious rams which ten years back found such favor. The newest ships are as free from this top-hammer as the best American and British ships. Generally speaking, the French Admiralty builds fine fighting craft; even in the old days of her undisputed supremacy at sea England was glad to copy her French prizes.

But, it will be said, might not the French Navy on trial fail as dismally as did the Spanish? On paper the Spanish ships were good enough and at Kiel the Spanish seamen made an especially favorable impression. The answer to this is that Spain made shipwreck on two things—want of maneuver and sufficient gunnery. It had never struck the Spanish authorities that a ship which can steam and hit the target is worth ten vessels which can do neither. But French shooting is excellent, judging from figures published in 1896 relating to the practice of the French Mediterranean fleet. The best figure was seventy-two per cent of hits, which verges upon the wonderful, and many others were nearly as good. Great attention is now paid to gunnery; and good shots and captains of guns receive extra pay and various distinctions dear to the seaman's heart. In the future it will not be as at Trafalgar, where the British ships fired three shots—shots, too, which hit—to the French one. Again, the war training of the French Navy is thorough and complete. The Mediterranean fleet, containing the best and newest ships, is constantly at work all the year round, working at steam tactics, night firing, the bombardment of coast defenses, torpedo attacks, and the great problem of hunting down an enemy and keeping touch with him. It is the deliberate opinion of British admirals well able to judge that its efficiency is of the highest; possibly, indeed, it is the most formidable fleet of its size in the world. The Northern Squadron cruises in the Channel and the Atlantic for only six months in the year, and because of this, and also because it includes older and less effective ships, is not so powerful a weapon. Still it is probably equal to the British Reserve Fleet, which in war it would have to meet, as this fleet is only fully manned for four months in the year.

At the time of the Fashoda dispute the French Navy was certainly unready for war, but since then vast strides have been made. France, however, is still much inferior in numerical strength to England and, single-handed, could have little chance of success. But in Russia she has an ally, whose fleet combined with hers might conceivably be able to snatch victory, or at least to cause such mischief to England's commerce as to compel her to make peace. It is noteworthy that of late years Kaiser Wilhelm has been at great pains to fatten the French Navy. In 1899, he seized the opportunity of informing the captain of the French cadet-ship *Iphigenie* that in his opinion the French Navy was the finest in existence, adding pointedly that he placed it above the British. The Kaiser is a good judge of matters naval and it is just possible that he spoke the truth, and that in quality, though not in quantity, the French Navy has the advantage of the British. But this is not the opinion of most Frenchmen and Englishmen.

A GLIMPSE OF THE PROBLEM—A RIALTO OF THE EAST SIDE



## HOUSING THE POOR OF NEW YORK CITY

By HENRY WILTON THOMAS, Author of "The Last Lady of Mulberry," Etc.



THE IDEAL of 'yesterday' is the real of to-day. For a long time poetic reformers have been telling governments to have more thought for the homes of the poor—that good homes are quite as much needed to make desirable citizens as to make good men and women. And for a long time the world's lawmakers gave scant heed. But recent years have produced a signal change of attitude. To-day opinion moves briskly toward affirmation of the poetic claim, because in it there seems to reside a principle of sound public policy. And to this prosaic recognition, I think, is attributable the helping hand which we see government in many lands extending for the solution of a problem that is so vital as to affect the roots of society at large. The problem is that of housing the working millions in the world's greatest centres of population.

This is the foremost political question of the day in London, as it is in other big towns of Great Britain, while statesmen at such capitals as Paris and Berlin know it for an issue that demands wise and unequivocal attention. And valuable to man kind, both by precept and example, has been the achievement of Europe in the cause of bettering the homes of the poor in great cities. The United States has not missed her share in the general awakening. Here the question has been approached skilfully and earnestly by such of our towns as have the housing problem to solve—notably Boston, Cincinnati, Jersey City, Hartford, Philadelphia, Cleveland, San Francisco, Pittsburg, New Orleans, Detroit and Milwaukee. But no munici-

pality of either Europe or America has made its crusade in so direct a line as that provided by the latest charter of New York. By that enactment the metropolis of the New World is the first city to make the housing of her poor the sole charge of a separate branch of the municipal government. This branch, which is called the Tenement House Department, began its active existence on the 1st of January of this year.

### A HARD NUT TO CRACK

It is in New York that the most serious tenement-house problem in the world is to be found. In most cities the housing problem is one of the small dwelling. The nut New York has to crack is that of the five, six or seven story building, usually on a lot twenty-five feet wide, rises to a height of seven stories, and often shelters as many as one hundred and fifty persons, who live in rooms that are darker than modern prison cells and not half so well ventilated. This school of architecture had its origin, I think, about the year 1880, and reached its highest development at the close of the last century. People who know their New York are familiar with the rise of the dumb-bell tenement; there is hope that time will see its fall.

In London the majority of the tenement houses are small two-story and three-story buildings, and the greatest evils are cellar dwellings and overcrowding in single rooms. The evil of overcrowding on the lots and shutting out light and air, which is the teasing point of New York's problem, is practically unknown in London. Similar conditions exist in Manchester, Liverpool, and other large cities of the United Kingdom. Conditions are somewhat different in Glasgow and Edinburgh, where the nearest likeness to the New York type of tenement house is to be found. There is not present, however, the evil of lack of light and air, the same is true of Paris, Berlin and other towns of the Continent.

Of the three million and a half inhabitants of New York nearly two million and a half live in tenement houses, as these houses are defined by law. In round numbers, there are eighty-four thousand of these buildings.

### THE "DUMB-BELL" TENEMENT

The typical New York tenement known as the "dumb-bell" and the "double-decker" is an order of architecture of which this city is the unenvied author. It stands usually upon a lot twenty-five feet wide, rises to a height of seven stories, and often shelters as many as one hundred and fifty persons, who live in rooms that are darker than modern prison cells and not half so well ventilated. This school of architecture had its origin, I think, about the year 1880, and reached its highest development at the close of the last century. People who know their New York are familiar with the rise of the dumb-bell tenement; there is hope that time will see its fall.

Each floor is divided usually into four sets of apartments, there being seven rooms on either side of the hallway. The hallway, less than three feet wide, is in most cases totally dark, and the staircase gets a sickly gleam of gray on very bright days from a window that looks on an airshaft. An airshaft! Later on we shall see what it is that bears this name in the nomenclature of dumb-bell art. On cloudy days people brush arms passing in the hallways and on the stairs without seeing one another. The front apartments consist of four rooms each and the rear sets consist of three rooms. Of the fourteen rooms on a floor only four receive light and air direct from the street or the small unbuilt-upon space at the back of the building satirically termed a courtyard. A court yard in which her children might play, safe from the perils of the street, is a thing the tenement mother knows only in dreams and hopeless longing.

Along each side of the building is the so-called airshaft. In homely truth, it is a slit between the houses twenty-eight inches in width, and extending in length fifty or sixty feet. It is, of course, as high as the building, from sixty to seventy-two feet. An airshaft, in the meaning now obso-



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lescent in New York, is an opening between buildings for the purpose of letting in light and air. But this slit, being closed and without intake of air at the bottom, supplies, instead of fresh air and sunlight, foul air and semi-darkness. Each family, besides having the foul air from its own rooms to breathe, is compelled to inhale the emanations from the rooms of a dozen other families. Moreover, these slits are resounding conveyers of noise, wells of malodor, fountains of disease, and when fire breaks out they are flues that quickly become roaring furnaces. Against these spreaders of flame the firemen are almost powerless. Many a building is destroyed by fire as the immediate effect of this kind of shaft.

A family living in such a building pays for four rooms a rent of from twelve to eighteen dollars a month. Of the sets of four rooms only two are large enough to be deserving of the name of room. The front room is, as a rule, ten feet six inches wide and eleven feet three inches in length. This the family use as a parlor, and often at night, when the small bedrooms opening on the shaft are so close and ill ventilated that sleep is impossible, mattresses are dragged out to the floor of the parlor, and there the family sleep, all together in one room. In the summer months the small bedrooms are so hot and stifling that a large part of the tenement house population sleep on the roofs, the sidewalks, the fire escapes, and in the public parks.

Behind the kitchen, which is about the same size as the parlor, are two bedrooms, so called. They are scarcely more than fair-sized closets, being each about seven feet wide and eight feet six inches long—hardly long enough to hold a bed. These rooms get no light and air whatever save that which comes from the deadly shaft and, except on the highest floors, are totally dark. Upon the opposite side of the public hallway is an apartment containing four exactly similar rooms, and at the rear of the building there are, instead of four rooms on each side of the hall, only three, one of the bedrooms being dispensed with. For these three-room sets the rent is generally from ten to fifteen dollars a month.

### HERDING HUMANS LIKE CATTLE

The evil of this system of herding human beings like cattle in pens is seen not only in the effect upon the health of the people, but upon their moral and social condition as well. During the last municipal campaign the public mind was wrought up as it never was before over one form of vice in the tenement districts. Thousands of men, women and children are crowded together in the smallest possible space for human beings to exist. Here are centres of disease, poverty and vice. Small wonder is it that so many children of the tenements grow up to be thieves, drunkards and courtesans. Testimony taken before the Tenement House Commission in public hearing at which leading physicians and specialists in pulmonary disease testified, shows that there are more than eight thousand deaths in New York due to consumption alone; that there are at least twenty thousand cases of well developed and recognized pulmonary tuberculosis in the city, and in addition a large number of obscure or incipient cases. The connection between this disease and the character of the houses in which the poor live is of the closest. A tenement-house fire is an event often productive of horrors with which it is feared the public mind has become torpidly familiar. Forty-one deaths were caused by tenement-house fires during the past year, besides many instances of severe bodily injury.

It is seen that the new Commissioner has no faith to spare in the capability or integrity of the "average city official." Sincerely is it to be wished that his faith may not be jarred further by the attachers of his own department. Of course, neither municipal tenements nor the kind that the present laws are intended to give can be had unless the law's agents are capable and trustworthy. The eyes of Europe and America will be fixed upon New York in this governmental trial. It is the most direct assertion in law the world has known that the moral and physical welfare, and even the comfort, of the poor in their homes is an obligatory function of government. And the great municipalities of progressive civilization may be counted upon to follow New York, if the light she holds is an effectual as well as a kindly one, leading toward a solution of the housing problem on lines of justice to all concerned.

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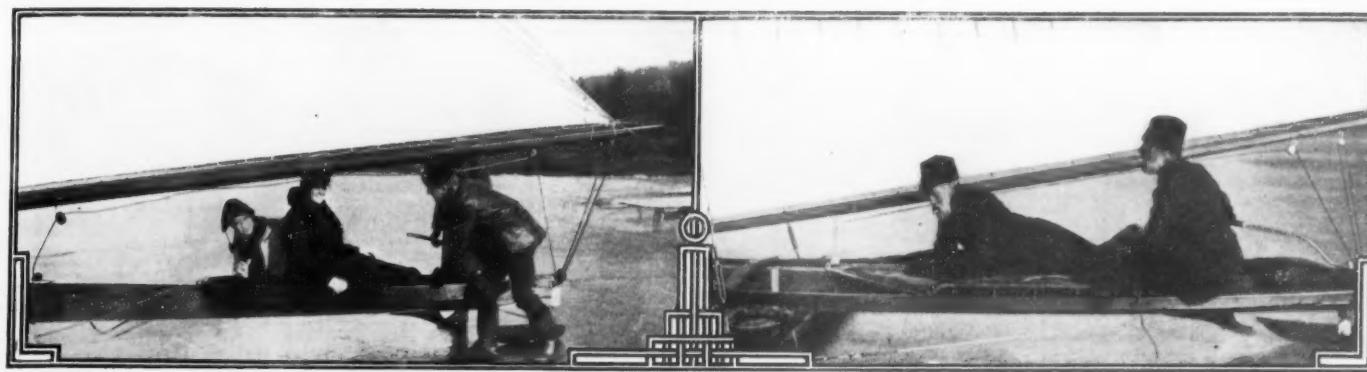
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## SPORTS OF THE AMATEUR

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### INCREASE IN POPULARITY OF ICE YACHT-ING

In spite of the fact that other winter sports like ice hockey, tobogganing, curling and plain simple skating are all the time gaining new converts, there has this year been an especial boom in that most exhilarating, daring and exciting of all winter pleasures, namely ice yachting. Those who cannot afford the big boats are taking it up, and these smaller, lighter boats will go safely over new ice two and one half inches thick, while some of the big racing machines must have a good deal more strength under them to carry safely. That and the softening of the ice were the reasons for postponing so long the race between the Shrewsbury boats and those of the Hudson. To people whose chance of seeing an ice yacht has been small a brief description of one of the best of the racing boats this year will be of interest. The runner plank, which is, roughly, the crosspiece, on one of these big boats is some twenty-five feet long, while the keel, or still describing the boat as a cross, the long timber, is some fifty feet in length. Some eight to ten feet of this projects forward, forming a bowsprit, and that makes up the body of the modern ice yacht. Aft there is a place called by courtesy the cockpit, which is just about wide enough and long enough for two men to lie on cushions—and, unless they are warmly dressed, freeze to death. But for all that the sport is one of the finest, and growing every day.

A most exciting contest developed from the meeting of the Hockey Club of New York and the New York Athletic Club team at St. Nicholas Rink on January 21. There were times when several of the players were sitting on the bench, under orders of the referee, reflecting upon the errors of their ways and acquiring sufficient calmness to be allowed to continue.

The game opened fiercely, the puck travelling up and down the rink until finally Phillips shot a goal for the Hockey Club after Dusette and Russell, working well together, had brought the puck up in position. The New Yorkers regulated by carrying the puck up toward the Hockey Club's goal, where Howard made a pretty shot from the side which tied the score. Things began to warm up more and more, and Russell was retired for a time for too much severity toward Fenwick. The latter, during the period while Russell was off, took advantage of the opportunity and shot a second goal for the New Yorkers. At this point De Casanova, another Hockey Club man, was retired for tripping, leaving only five men to face the New York Athletic Club's seven. By an extra expenditure of effort they held matters until their delinquents were put on the surface again. Soon after Phillips shot his second goal, which brought the score to a tie once more. This ended the scoring in the first half. In the second half Fenwick was becoming too heated and was retired for three minutes, and the Hockey Club got the puck close to New York's goal. It was right here, as it finally transpired, that the game was settled; for Clark, having as he supposed put the puck out of danger, started down and overran it, and Russell of the Hockey Club secured it and shot a goal. New York worked fiercely, and practically threw its point and cover-point into the attack, but all in vain, and the game was ended with the score Hockey Club 3, New York Athletic Club 2.

**CRESCENT A. C. 8**  
**ST. NICHOLAS 2**

It was almost too easy for the combination representing the Crescents to defeat St. Nicholas at Clermont Avenue Rink, although the latter team put up a lively fight at the beginning. The St. Nicholas players began with a rush, and before the Crescents could check them they had the puck up in dangerous proximity to the Brooklyn goal. Then came some hard shooting for a score, but Hallock was steady as a rock in the Crescent goal and had his eyes open every time. After some ten minutes of the first half had been played and everybody was breathing hard, Hallock, who had just made a clever stop, sent the puck out into midfield, where Gordon made a pretty shot back at Hallock, which landed in the net and gave St. Nicholas the first score. But after that, although St. Nicholas secured one more goal, there was really nobody in it but the Brooklyn men. Liffiton eaged the puck three times and Wall and Dohly each twice, so that the game ended with 8 goals for the Crescent A. C. and 2 for St. Nicholas.

**YALE 11**  
**BROWN 3**

The hockey match between Yale and Brown was too one-sided to stimulate any excitement in the crowd of spectators. In fact, the only real bit of interest was when it became evident that Brown was making a tremendous effort toward the end to prevent a whitewash, and by the good work of Peyster, Otis and R. Ashby the seven from Providence finally put the puck into the Yale net. In the first half Yale scored four times and in the second seven. The team work of the New Haven men showed considerable improvement since their match with Princeton, and particularly in the second half

they developed some very clever passing. Stoddard was as usual a host in himself, while Inman was fast and accurate, with plenty of judgment in tight places. Inman eaged the puck five times and Stoddard four.

**INTER-SCHOLASTIC HOCKEY**

Curler Hockey Team won the interscholastic championship by defeating the team of Columbia Grammar School at the St. Nicholas Rink. The game was very fast and rough, the referee having to occasionally send a player to the side line to cool off.

L. Daley, Cutler, was the star player, winning two of the three goals made by his side. Score—Cutler, 3 goals; Columbia Grammar School, 0.

**SPRINTER AT AMHERST**

A strong man is promised to Amherst on the cinder track this season, for W. D. Eaton, who did such excellent running in the Stadium at Buffalo last summer, is one of the new candidates for honors there. He will make up for the loss of Hawley in the distance runs by giving Amherst an excellent chance of taking the sprints in the New England championships which Williams snatched away from her by the fraction of a point last year.

**NEW YORK STATE CHAMPIONSHIPS**

Sager of Newburg carried out all his promise of last season by defeating W. W. Swan of the New York Athletic Club in the mile and five-mile. The one-mile saw him just five yards ahead of Swan at the finish in 3 minutes 17 $\frac{1}{2}$  seconds, but he stretched out that distance in the five-mile to three times that. In this event Sager and Swan paced in turn, the former doing the first mile in 3 minutes 16 seconds. Sager paced the third mile and Swan the fourth. Then Sager went to the front and was never headed. The one mile for boys under sixteen went to Ray Rose of Arlington in 3 minutes 34 $\frac{1}{2}$  seconds.

**INDOOR TENNIS**

M. S. Clarke of Company G sprung a surprise upon the spectators as well as upon Calhoun Cragin in the Seventh Regiment Tennis by defeating the latter in three straight sets. Indeed Cragin caught a Tartar in Clarke, who played above his public form and reeled off the first set 6—3, the second 6—3, and the third with a rush 6—1.

**ROWING AT YALE**

Crew matters at New Haven, now that the Promenade is out of the way, have taken on definite form. Captain Kunz has made the announcement that Cameron, the varsity stroke of the last two years, and the man who drove the crew to such a splendid finish on the Thames last summer, will be head coach. The freshmen candidates have already been out, and nearly one hundred appeared. There were all kinds and conditions of men, and although their weight was on the average light, there were some who looked promising, and all were eager enough. The material for the varsity looks now to be fairly good. Four of the men who were in last year's boat are still in the university, namely, Hooker, Bogue, Johnson and Kunz. There is also Sargent, who was substitute stroke last year, as well as two other men of the four-on.

**MODERN DEER SLAYERS**

A good many people have in the last few years acquired the idea that up New York State way there is one deer that runs around deceiving the general public, while a few thousand men with guns chase it and incidentally shoot each other. If any one who has this mistaken idea glances at the picture accompanying this paragraph he will be convinced that the deer is not entirely exterminated.



MEMBERS OF A FAMOUS HUNTING CLUB WITH THEIR GAME

but, under such work as this photograph would indicate, it is not unreasonable to suppose that it will not be long before he is as nearly extinct as the buffalo.

**ENGLISH TRAINING DIET**

Many questions have been raised as to how the Englishmen train when they are in this country. The following is the description given by Mr. Lee Knowles, M.P., who had the Oxford and Cambridge teams in his charge on the occasion of their late visit:

"No time was lost in getting the team into training. Rising at 7, the men took a walk before breakfast, at 8; lunch was served at 1, tea at 4, and dinner at 7.30. We soon fell into local customs, beginning breakfast with a course of melon or cantaloupe, the remaining courses being, as a rule, porridge, fish (generally bluefish), chops, steak and green vegetables. Besides tea and coffee, cold oatmeal water was always on the table. The other meals mainly consisted of cold beef, fowl, and stewed fruit. Soup, beer and cheese were not allowed, and of course smoking was forbidden. We were especially warned against iced water, or, to be more literal, 'watered ice,' and against taking too much fruit. At first we tried drinking cold barley water, but our caterers did not seem to quite understand how to make it, and after one or two experiments the men took more kindly to the meal water, the usual drink of athletes on the other side."

**ENGLISH MEN ON GOLF BALLS**

All sorts of stories are going as to the opinion of the golf players of Great Britain on the American ball, and in most of the comments in English papers it may be taken that the American ball means the new ball with elastic core and the gutta-percha shell.

Mr. J. Sutherland made the following test, driving the new American ball, two new solid balls and a remake by his club (Dornoch) professional. He drove each ball from the same tee, taking thirteen tees in various portions of the course, some against, some with the wind, and twelve out of the thirteen landed the American ball from nine to seventeen yards further, and at the thirteenth, when he got under the American somewhat and hence sent it too high against the wind, the remake beat it two yards. He found the American more difficult to control in approaching, however. The latest writer, Mr. Gilbert Lewis, compares it with the old feather ball, saying it was that ball which hastened this new idea, the rubber filaments being substituted for feathers and the shell taking the place of the leather cover. All this may be true, but there is a good deal of doubt whether the inventor of this special type of ball ever saw or heard of one of the old feather ones. The further assertions of Mr. Lewis, however, are certainly not backed up by the judgment of most players in this country or of the traditional beliefs in the old country. One of these conclusions, for instance, is that a perfectly smooth ball will fly better than a marked one. In fact, every golfer remembers the old tradition that the marking of balls was first discovered to be a good thing from the fact that the balls which had been cut up by the iron club had a better flight than the new balls. Also that the first of these American rubber-cored balls were made with a comparatively smooth surface and had a decided tendency at times to duck—a tendency which was obviated upon their being remake with quite distinct pimples or deeper square marking. The question is by no means yet settled, and it would be interesting to hear from some of our experts in mechanics as to the possibilities and comparison of balls.

**ALPINE ACCIDENTS**

The announcement made a short time ago from Geneva, giving an account of one hundred and nineteen fatalities in the Swiss Alps during the season of 1901, is certainly most appalling. This is almost double the number reported last year, and it seems to have been made thus alarmingly large by the greater facilities for enjoying the pleasure of climbing. The easier approach to the really dangerous points has led the careless to attempt too hazardous ascents and to take too great chances on those ascents. It is all very well to speak of the season as being an exceptional one in the conditions of atmosphere, early snowstorms, avalanches, etc., but the taking of inexperienced climbers by means of Swiss trunk railways up to what an American would call "the jumping-off place" and then letting them do the rest is a temptation which leads to a tremendous increase in the proportion of accidents. The new electric railway from Le Fayet to Chamonix reduces the travel by the Arve Valley by some two hours and brings the peak of Mont Blanc so near that a woman has been carried up by guides in a mountain litter, and hundreds of wholly inexperienced climbers now ascend it as their first peak. This makes them more daring, and any one who really wants to court danger can find it in the Bernese Oberland with the minimum of effort. The worst of it is that these accidents to the careless ruin much of the pleasure of the careful because of the anxiety created among friends and relatives.

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## The Triumphant Senate of '02

BY JAMES CREELMAN



WILLIAM P. FRYE  
PRESIDENT PRO TEMPORE  
OF THE SENATE

OW THAT the whole machinery of the national government is again in motion, it is plain to be seen that the real seat of power is the United States Senate. While President McKinley lived this fact was partially hidden from the country by his rare and subtle skill in dealing with the Senators; but with the advent of a new President who lacks the personal magnetism and diplomatic genius of his predecessor, makes the ascendent power of the Senate in the government all the more marked.

The simple truth is that President Roosevelt must control the Senate or surrender to it. So far as the legislative and executive branches of the government are concerned, the original idea of co-ordination with independence is gradually disappearing. Mr. McKinley's steady domination was not due to the powers of his office, but rather to his own surprising knowledge of human nature and his conciliatory policies.

The House of Representatives was long ago destroyed as an equal partner with the Senate in legislation. The Speaker appoints and controls all committees, and, by means of the Committee on Rules and the "previous question," can extinguish the minority, suppress debate and compel or arrest legislation at will.

So long as the President can secure the support of the Speaker he can control the House of Representatives. The experienced newspaper correspondents who scrutinize the course of legislation in Washington seldom pay any attention to the debates in the House, save when the speeches or retorts are picturesque, dramatic or witty. It is well understood that the House is simply an instrument of the Speaker's will.

The Senate is now the last refuge of the real legislative power of the nation, for the right of unlimited discussion gives the minority such powers of obstruction that matters must be debated to a conclusion. No vote can be taken until the minority consents to it. The Senate as a whole appoints its own committees, and its presiding officer is jealousy excluded from any powers that might enable him to coerce or in any way control the action of the Senators.

### SOME CURIOUS EXAMPLES OF SUPREMACY

The supreme position of the Senate in the government was illustrated in the closing days of the last session of Congress. The Army Bill, with its amendments, was in many respects the most important measure that had been proposed for twenty years. It not only increased the size of the permanent military forces of the United States four times, but it gave the President the right to reduce or increase the strength of the army between certain limits at pleasure—a power exercised by no other constitutional ruler in the world. One of the amendments practically established an American suzerainty over the Cuban Republic and another amendment abandoned to the President the whole civil and judicial, as well as the military, powers of the United States in the Philippines—an abdication of legislative authority which the Supreme Court declared to be invalid.

This extraordinary measure, involving four almost revolutionary policies, was forced through the House of Representatives by the automatic operation of the Speaker's despotic powers. The Speaker obeyed the will of the President and the House obeyed the will of the Speaker.

But when the Army Bill reached the Senate it was arrested. President McKinley was compelled to give private assurances of his intentions to individual Senators and the majority leaders had to enter into a legislative bargain with the opposition Senators before the bill could become a law. The Democrats could easily have prevented a vote by talking until the end of the session.

The Hanna-Payne Ship Subsidy Bill was "jammed" through the House by the Speaker, but a minority prevented a vote in the Senate. Senator Hanna, the chairman of the Republican National Committee, with the active support of the President, attempted to carry the Senate by storm, but failed. No power in the government could move the Senators to action.

Even in the reduction of the special war taxes—a matter especially belonging to the House as the body of original jurisdiction over revenue laws—the House was compelled in the last session to yield to the Senate. When the two branches of Congress differed, the Senate prevailed. This

was simply one of many indications that the actual legislative authority of Congress was in the hands of the Senators.

The refusal of the Senate to confirm the Hay-Pauncefort Treaty, in spite of the repeated appeals of President McKinley and Secretary Hay, was another illustration of the Senate's power and independence. The terms of the new treaty were, it is well known, dictated by members of the Senate.

### THE PRESIDENT'S LACK OF POWER

Take President Roosevelt as he stands today. He cannot appoint a single important officer of the government without the consent of the Senate. It is this control over the power of appointments that makes the Senators the real dispensers of official patronage. He cannot complete a treaty with a foreign power unless the Senate ratifies his action. He cannot even carry out the principal reciprocity provisions of the present tariff law without the concurrence of the Senate—witness the eleven reciprocity treaties negotiated by President McKinley and ignored by the Senators. This control of reciprocity treaties by the Senate actually gives that body power to regulate the revenues of the government without consulting the House. Even the undisputed political leadership and consummate tact of President McKinley were powerless in the face of the Senate's opposition to his attempt to avert a tariff war by means of five-year reciprocity treaties.

The last great speech of Mr. McKinley at Buffalo—his dying message to his country—was simply an appeal from the stubborn Senators to the people. Even he, the greatest master of men who ever sat in the chair of supreme executive authority in America, saw his greatest and broadest policy defeated in the Senate.

Who then can doubt that the Senate governs the United States and that its power is growing year by year? And who will dispute the statement that, so long as the right of unlimited debate exists in the Senate, it will continue to dictate to the President and the House?

We are confronted with the indisputable fact that the federal and not the national element in the government has seized the sceptre of power. The President and the Representatives, being elected by the people, represent the national principle in our system; the Senators, being elected by the States as internal sovereignties, represent the federal principle. In other words, the States united, rather than the United States—the federation and not the nation—govern the country.

In order to realize what this means it is necessary to consider the result of giving each State two Senators regardless of population. The State of New York has 7,268,012 inhabitants and the State of Nevada has 42,335 inhabitants. Each New York Senator represents 3,634,006 inhabitants, while each Nevada Senator represents 21,167 inhabitants. Each inhabitant of Nevada has as much power in the Senate as eighty-six inhabitants of New York.

### NO "MAJORITY RULE" FOR THE SENATE

That is the working out of the federal principle which now controls the nation; for the Senate, which is the arbiter of all the main policies of the government, exists in direct contradiction of the theory of majority rule. It is true that the Electoral College system has seated a President who received less than a majority of all the votes cast and, in that sense, the President may also be said to represent the federal idea of government by States; but the possible difference in the proportions of the majority and minority relations in the Federal College is so small as to be unimportant except as to principle, while, as I have already pointed out, a reversal of the principle of majority rule in the composition of the Senate is so gross as to be almost ludicrous.

Three years ago I asked a distinguished English statesman how he could defend the continued existence of the House of Lords, the only hereditary legislative body in the world. "Why," said he, "as the House of Lords does not exercise any real legislative function except the power of delay, it would be hard to imagine a body more admirably constituted for that purpose. It is simply a check upon precipitate legislation in times of public excitement. It gives the nation time to take a second breath."

"But," I suggested, "the people of Great Britain fought out the question of Irish Home Rule for years and when the House of Commons, after infinite labor, had passed the Home Rule Bill, the House of Lords rejected it."

"Just so," said the Englishman, "and you will just so, kindly remember that when the general elections were held the people of Great

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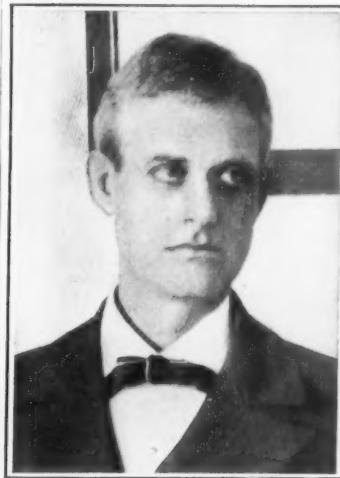
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They contain no cocaine nor opiate, and are given to little children with entire safety and benefit.

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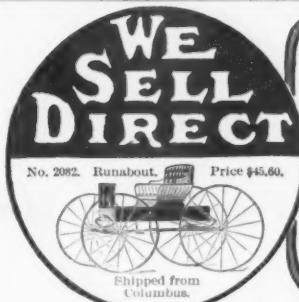
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Satisfaction is guaranteed—if you are not satisfied with your purchase, return the carriage to us and we will pay freight charges both ways. We have also in stock full assortment of harness and other horse equipments. Write for full illustrated catalogue.

The Columbus Carriage & Harness Co., St. Louis, Mo. { Write to nearest office. Columbus, O. P. O. Box 54. { P. O. Box 772.

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THE BEST 14-KARAT GOLD FILLED CASE that money can buy. WARRANTED for 25 and 35 years, with 15, 17 and 21 Ruby Jeweled Adjusted Movements. Remington, Elgin, Waltham or other high grade if preferred. No Middlemen's profit. Lowest Cash Price. Any size.

Any Monogram or Emblem engraved to order. No extra charge. This plan is quick. You have the use of WATCH or DIAMOND until paid for it. Members wanted who are honest, work not for money. We will send Watch or Diamond on approval, and you return at our expense, if not as represented. Superb Cash Price. For prompt attention, address

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Perfect, flawless, white, genuine DIAMOND Ring in Tiffany set, 14k solid gold \$9.85

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without rolling. Combined Quick Shift Shunt Coupler and Anti-Roller, positively prevents all rattling, and gear.

and Gear, every stick of timber guaranteed best second growth hickory, every forging and bolt best Norway iron. (Wheels furnished any size.)

Plane Body, 20, 22, 24 inches wide, 35 inches long. CARRING BODY, 24 inches wide.

Spring cushion and back, upholstered with best grade gold figured green.

Top frame with a special tight color to match seat trimmings, edges of top lining pinked, back seat pinked and upholstered

in a special design to match top lining, bottom of body and panels carpeted to match trimmings.

(Leather or dark broadcloth trimmings, dark top lining and carpet to match when desired.)

Dash top panel back rail, prop nuts, seat handles and bolts.

and everything to match. We give you choice of any style upholstering and any style and color painting you prefer.

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NO MONEY down, we will take payment in installments, and you pay us when you sell.

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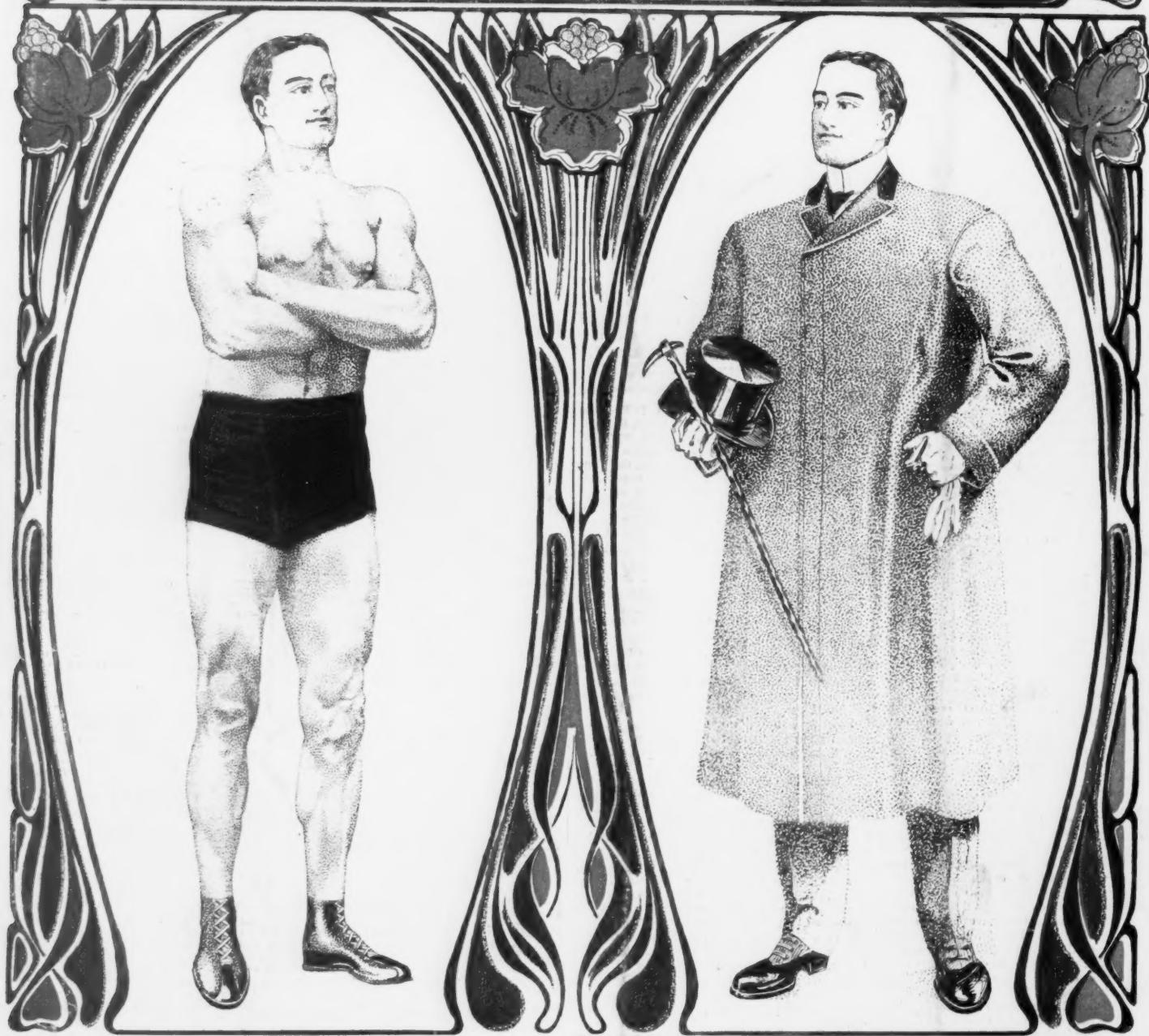
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